

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Adventures of a Minute-Man

JOSEPH F. THORNING

Government: Tyrant or Protector?

JOHN F. CRONIN

Epitaph in Burma

RAY CARR

World Revolution's Objective

JOHN E. KELLY

French Youth and the Faith

MRS. GEORGE NORMAN

Catholic Action in Georgia

JOHN D. TOOMEY

The Man Who Climbed Montmartre

ENID DINNIS

Soviet Future

DOUGLAS JERROLD

APRIL, 1938



PRICE 20c



"OUR SCHOOL MUST GO ON"

WE WHO read of air raids, sieges and bloody battles in China, are inclined to be discouraged at the prospects of the missions in that country. Strange as it may seem to us, the missionaries there are not as down-hearted as many of their friends in the homeland.

Though the war creeps closer to Hunan, our priests and Sisters continue at their posts. More than that . . . they plan very definitely for the future. Whatever may be the event of the war, their task of bringing souls into the Faith must continue.

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THE YÜANLING SCHOOL FUND

The Sisters of Charity

THE SIGN

UNION CITY, N. J.

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UNION CITY, N. J.

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Vol. 17

No. 9

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited and published at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c. Canada, \$2.00 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication.

Subscriptions, Advertising and Business Matters should be addressed to the Business Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, change of address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and the new address should always be given. Phone—Union 7-6893.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 538, Act of May 28, 1925.

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THE PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.
1938

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PERSONAL MENTION



John F. Cronin, S.S.

• **TRAGIC** breeding ground for unrest is the disturbed social field. Both as Catholics and as citizens we are closely affected by every important change which involves the Church and the State. How far is individualism to be restricted by state control? At what point does guardianship of our interests by the government assume the dictatorial power of a tyrant? When should the Federal authority take over the control of our natural resources? In answer to

his own query, *Government: Tyrant or Protector?*, FR. JOHN CRONIN, S.S. offers some suggestions.

From the town of Glens Falls, N. Y., the author went to Holy Cross College. His studies were continued at the Catholic University where he received his various degrees. After completion of his course in the Sulpician Seminary, he was ordained in 1932. Faced with the task of initiating one of the first full-length courses in economics to be given in an American seminary, he was forced to do pioneer work. This consisted in working out an economics course which was at once realistic and in accord with Catholic social teaching. The result of this effort was a textbook, *Economics and Society*, which, after having gone through several editions, is now being rewritten with a view to publication.

• **A** FAIR picture of the conflicting forces which make up the France of today cannot be given in a single article. But that all is not hopeless there may be gathered from the account of *French Youth and the Faith*. MRS. GEORGE NORMAN, to whom we are indebted for this encouraging side-light, is the author of twelve novels—five of which

are Catholic. To her American audience one of her best known is *God's Jester*, the story of Fr. Pro, S.J. The daughter of the late Major Mackenzie, Royal Engineers, she was educated at the old historic English Convent at Bruges, Belgium. She married into one of the Catholic families of England which have never lost the Faith and for four hundred years each generation has given a priest to the Church. She has also written for the stage



John E. Kelly

and, with her sister, Margaret Mackenzie, dramatized Daisy Ashford's book, *The Young Visitors*.

From Soviet Russia's falling interference in Spain as well as the mass executions among its own people, it should not be concluded that its international ambitions are quenched. It has agents at work in the United States and other countries. *World Revolution's Objective* gives another warning about these forces. JAMES

EOGHAN KELLY, while not a Catholic, recognizes that the Church is the bulwark against Communism. Now of Jersey City, N. J., where he is a consulting engineer, he has spent many years in Spanish countries. Material gathered there on political, military and economic subjects has appeared in magazines and newspapers. He is the author of the book, *Petro de Alvarado, Conquistador*.

• **BECAUSE** of its vast size, its well-organized propaganda, its international intrigues, Russia calls for attention and study. The *Soviet Future*—political, economic and in world relationship—is carefully considered by DOUGLAS JERROLD. In such an analysis he does well to emphasize that Russia is not a country but a continent. The results of the U.S.S.R. experiment as they affect Christianity and civilization are examined.

Barely forty-five years of age, Douglas Jerrold occupies a significant place in English Letters. His writings are characterized by clarity and fearlessness. A career already filled with interest and variety is excellently described in his autobiography, *Georgian Adventure*. His war service, his excursions into politics, publishing, journalism, his contact with famous personalities—have served not only as the background for his own interesting story, but have given maturity to his writings.

Success has attended *Catholic Action in Georgia*. Of its technique, difficulties and experiences JOHN D. TOOMEY, a native of Augusta, Ga., writes in this issue. At present a seminarian at the Catholic University, he spends part of his summers in teaching at the vacation schools.



Douglas Jerrold



John D. Toomey

THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

The Editor of *Time* Replies

IN LAST month's editorial we called attention to a party which was sponsored by some of the members of the *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune* group. We asked this group to let us and its readers know whether it is impartial and neutral. That request, as well as the editorial itself, was published widely throughout the United States in our Catholic papers. Mr. H. R. Luce, editor of *Time*, has kindly sent us a reply. In justice to him and his associates, as well as to the great number of Catholics throughout the country who have been waiting for it, we reproduce his letter:

Rev. Theophane Maguire, C.P., Editor
THE SIGN
Union City, New Jersey

I have read your editorial in the March issue of THE SIGN entitled "Notes on a Loyalist Party," and can understand your first reaction to the use of these names.

Closer examination of this announcement, however, reveals the fact that but two of *Time*'s editorial staff are listed, three of *Fortune*'s seventeen editors, and only two of *Life*'s twenty-nine editorial workers.

But the main issue involved is whether or not *Time* has in fact been fair in its news in regard to Spain during the past year. On this major issue I am asking Mr. Paul West, Assistant Publisher of *Time*, to examine the record for the past year and write me a report on the subject dealing with whatever criticisms have been made.

As to the "party," I can tell you that I did not approve of it and that my associates now know I did not approve of it. We do not object to individuals in *Time, Inc.*, associating themselves with various "outside" causes, as individuals, but we do object to groups of *Time, Inc.*, editors or writers, sponsoring various causes.

This "party" was the first of its kind to come to my notice and a rule covering such activities will presently be put in force in this company.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Henry R. Luce.

P. S. Incidentally, none of the people at the party are engaged in writing Spanish or other Foreign or Religious news.

WE SINCERELY appreciate the fact that Mr. Luce did not approve of the party and that his associates now know that he did not approve of it. He displays a practical interest in the criticisms made by appointing Mr. West to examine the record and report to him for the past year. His distinction between individuals of *Time, Inc.*, acting as individuals, in "outside" causes, and as groups of *Time, Inc.*, is entirely understandable. It is likewise gratifying to learn that "a rule covering such activities will presently be put in force"

in his company. We honestly believe that such a rule will benefit *Time, Inc.*, considerably and will save the organization much embarrassment.

In view of this response we do not wish to be discourteous or to resort to carping criticism. To clarify the issue at stake we believe, however, that some comment is permitted. We cannot expect Mr. Luce to scan the vast majority of our Catholic diocesan papers. So it is very likely that he missed the N.C.W.C. report—which to date has not been contradicted—that the two persons who sponsored the Loyalist party and who were not mentioned specifically in our editorial also belong to this group. This report states that Joseph Alger is promotion director of *Life* and Richard Harrison is staff artist with *Life*, *Time*, *Fortune* and *Architectural Forum*.

MENTION is made of this here to point the fact that 100% of the sponsors of this particular party were members of this group. In view of this we may be excused for saying that our "first reaction" remains unchanged. And we hope we are not unjust in observing that, if none of these sponsors are writing "Spanish or other foreign and religious news," then there must be additional persons on the staffs of these magazines whose expressions do not please us.

We think in fairness we should make one thing very clear. The persons in this group to whose reporting of news we have objected very probably consider such treatment entirely fair. We do not. But freedom of the press and freedom of speech is just as much theirs as ours. They may, therefore, continue to report in just the same fashion if they so wish.

But a fairly large percentage of the twenty million Catholics in this country forms part of their buying public. We are not hyper-sensitive. It should be borne in mind that the case brought to light in last month's editorial is but one of many protested to this group by the Catholic press during the past year. There would be little sense in devoting editorial space to a trifling or occasional error. We have too many major problems to be incensed at haphazard thrusts at us. Men cannot be bothered with slurs when they are fighting larger issues. There is a time, however, when repeated irritation arouses to action. In the present instance the natural and obvious course of action is to rid ourselves of the source of irritation. Whether we number two hundred or twenty million, that is our right. There will be no need of exercising that right if the irritation is removed.

So, to our respective readers and to the future we leave the verdict.

Father Theophane Maguire C.P.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

● NOT since the World War has the situation in Europe been so tense as at present. And so swift is the pace with which event follows event that by the time these

The Swastika Over Europe

lines are in print further incidents may have precipitated new international crises. Germany has forcibly annexed Austria, thus moving her frontier and incidentally her army to the Brenner Pass. France and Russia are shaken by internal disorders. The smaller countries east of Germany are frightened by the very real Nazi menace. Britain and Italy grope toward an understanding in the hope of ending their feud in the Mediterranean. In Spain the Nationalists are overwhelming the "Loyalists" and their international supporters. Everywhere there is fear that an "incident" may at last ignite the flame of another and more frightful world war.

Since the forcible annexation of Austria the whole European scene has been darkened by the shadow of the swastika. So complete was the success of Hitler's Austrian coup and so thorough his over-running of Austria that fear of the new German military might is felt on all sides—even by the extremity of the Rome-Berlin axis that lies below the Brenner Pass.

The most disturbing element in the whole business is the fact that Hitler has resorted openly to the principle that might makes right. His one justification was the power of the German army that accompanied him to Vienna. His success was achieved through an appeal to brute force in accordance with the law of the jungle which has regulated all Nazi diplomacy. Hitler will take what he can get with the power of the military machine he has created. Other nations feel that it is that fact which must direct their policies rather than any dependence on pacts or agreements or on the League of Nations.

Hitler's course up to the present has been that marked out in his book *Mein Kampf*. He has withdrawn from the League of Nations; he has rearmed Germany and remilitarized the Rhineland; he has united Austria with Germany.

What will the future bring? There is little reason to believe that he will not in the future follow the course he has marked out for himself and has followed in the past. That policy would mean not only the recovery of all territory lost by Germany and Austria at the end of the World War, but over and above that a campaign of conquest in the East. "We will finally end," Hitler writes, "the pre-war era and pass over to the land policy of the future. And when we speak of new territory in Europe today, we can only think first of all of Russia and of the Russian border States."

And it might be noted in passing that Southern Tyrol, now a part of Italy, is regarded by Hitler in his book as a part of Germany's "lost lands" to be won back "by force of arms"—to quote Hitler's own words.

● IN SPITE of the cries of *Heil Hitler* and *Sieg Heil* that have been heard in Austria since Anschluss there are many anxious hearts in that country. Jews and Socialists felt immediately the fierce vengeance of the Nazis. Leaders and adherers of the Fatherland Front and all former enemies of the

Fate of Austrian Catholics

Nazis have felt the lash of Hitler's hatred. Will the Catholics be spared? Or will they too feel the harsh and repressive measures with which the Nazi régime in Germany has persecuted the Catholic Church?

The worst is to be feared for the Catholics of Austria. There is little reason to suppose that the Nazis will exempt them in their campaign to make religion a tool of their party. The Nazi idea of a totalitarian state is such that it brooks no rival even in the purely spiritual sphere. It does not tolerate the idea, fostered by religion, that the State is for man and not man for the State. Rights of the individual inculcated by religion are inadmissible in a form of government which knows only those of the State.

Events which have occurred up to the time of writing point to a persecution of Catholics in Austria. Joseph Buerckel, regional Nazi leader in the Palatinate and notorious anti-Catholic, has been delegated by Hitler to reorganize the Austrian National Socialist Party. At Salzburg the Archbishop was arrested and offices searched by the police. The headquarters and some of the branches of the Catholic Action Association were searched and closed, although this organization was protected by the Concordat. Steps are being taken at present to subject Austrian youth to the anti-religious training of the Hitler Youth Groups. Catholic priests and prelates are being arrested and Catholic papers suppressed. The editorial offices and printing plants of Catholic papers in Vienna, Linz and Gratz were occupied by Nazi storm troopers. When the *Reichspost*, world-famous Catholic newspaper of Vienna, made its appearance following the upheaval, expanses of white space on its pages showed that its contents had been rigorously censored.

It is no wonder that *Osservatore Romano* says editorially: "We ask ourselves whether the religious persecution in Germany, inspired by a doctrine and a method that disturb and torment millions of German Catholics in the peace of their conscience, in their religious freedom, in their duty toward their sons, in their love for and attachment to their faith and their fathers and in their Christian hopes will stop short at the old frontier."

"Would to God that for 6,000,000 Catholics who, owing to an accomplished fact have become a more intimate part of the German national community the signs of a true and effective religious pacification may dawn on the basis of the principles contained in the existing Concordat."

• **OPPOSITION** to increased armaments comes from various sources. It comes from pacifists who believe war to be an intrinsic evil. It comes from those who consider

American Armament Program

present armaments sufficient for defense, and therefore further armament aimed at a policy of aggression. It comes from Reds and radicals of all types who take to pacifist movements as if they were their own special sphere of activity in spite of the fact that the army of their paradise, Soviet Russia, is the largest in the world.

An enlightening incident is related in *The Tablet* of London. Lord Cecil presided over a meeting organized by the International Peace Campaign. At the end of the meeting he suggested that the audience sing "God Save the King." They preferred to sing the "Red Flag." *The Tablet* offers an excellent commentary on this incident:

"The episode was a small one, but profoundly symbolic of the whole character of this organized peace movement, whose driving force is not a simply pacific feeling, but a revolutionary one which uses peace as providing a suitable point of departure for common activities, destined to lead up to the building up of the international revolution."

The peace movement in this country has been vitiated to a great extent by the fact that it has been almost taken over by radicals. Quite recently a program to keep America out of war was made public. It was signed by "300 civic, labor, educational and religious leaders" of New York. A large number of them are well-known radicals. The second point of the program is "no increase in the army and navy."

Arming for peace is undoubtedly a poor way to secure peace, especially when it develops into an armament race. Nevertheless, when certain nations with territorial ambitions expand their armies and navies to vast proportions, it is the height of stupidity for peacefully inclined nations to refuse to face the facts.

We are inclined to believe that if the experts feel they need an appropriation of \$1,120,000,000 for naval construction, as they do now, the wisest course is to grant it. If a mistake is made it is far better to make it by voting too much rather than too little. We have had no part in beginning the naval construction race, but however much we may deplore it, it is necessary for us to join in that race and even to keep a step ahead of any potential aggressors. International morality is at so low an ebb that pacts, treaties and agreements of whatever kind are of no more value than the paper on which they are written. Our national defense must depend on our own strength, and on that alone.

• • •

• **THIS** is the realistic aspect of the question of armament. We must balance the initial costs, and more important still, the costlier situations in which we may

Principles of National Defense

become involved against the losses which will be ours if we are not prepared. Neither history nor common sense support the argument that we may enjoy a protracted peace or protect what is ours if we remain weak and defenseless. The swiftness with which the modern invader moves precludes the hope of our preparing ourselves hurriedly. From the experiences of daily life, as well as from developments throughout the world, we know that open doors and

unguarded treasures are opportunities for betrayal from within or invasion from without.

We may not be pleased with the taxes we pay to maintain a police department and a national guard. But it is comforting to know that the police can be called if our home is broken into, or that the national guard will be mobilized if the public peace is threatened. If, however, the police force of New York or the national guard of New Jersey—by way of example—were to become so powerful and so ambitious as to attempt to invade each other's territory, it would be time for the public to take action against them.

Something of the same principle should be applied to national defense. It is defense that we seek and need. That defense should be loyal, efficient and sufficient to protect the people who support it. It should not be aggressive, top-heavy or domineering. We have the army and navy been called "the service." Let them remain that. Let them be, as they have been in the past, the honored servants of our public good; "our" public good—for they should not be at the disposal of other powers who would use them for unworthy ends.

• • •

• **WE** WISH, as do all who long for peace, that such a course of action were not necessary in the restless, suspicious world of today. We are still simple enough

The Source of World Unrest

to wonder at the fascination with which men read of hours of work spent in rescuing a cat or dog, and the apparent indifference with which they scan a report that hundreds of human beings have been wiped out in a battle or an air raid. We wish that we could say to the army: "Throw away your guns and go back to work that is productive," or to the police: "Put away your night-sticks and your revolvers. All is at peace in the city." We would be dishonest if we pretended to believe that, if such advice were heeded, we would enjoy safety. Pacifists are incredibly dull or incredibly dishonest to say that this procedure will insure us against the invasion of our rights. A head-in-the-sand attitude of this kind is much more apt to provoke than to prevent the evil it is supposed to avoid. It invites war by holding out to an aggressor the hope of a quick and easy conquest.

Nor can we admit, on the other hand, that peace is impossible. There are thieves and marauders and international bandits, simply because men are not observing the commandments of God and the principles of Jesus Christ. Personal, national and international strife come from sin. That is a word, of course, which does not find its way into ultimatums or treaties or histories. But moral guilt is really the summary of a great deal of personal, national and international misery.

And because men will not go to the source of their misery, the nations of the world continue in agony. It is comforting to realize that we have not here a lasting city. It sustains us to believe that with Christ we shall rise again. But meantime there is nothing but our own human perverseness that prevents us from making our time on earth more peaceful and more filled with that mutual love which will better fit us for eternal life. We thank our Risen Saviour for the faith He has given us. We pray it may be shared by all mankind. Has it ever occurred to us, when we look upon His pierced hands and feet, that He may say to us: "You have wounded My hands and My feet; you have pierced My heart. Must you also crucify one another?"

• **A PLEA** which we hope many of our readers will answer appears among the "Letters" in this issue. It is from Fr. Mark Moeslein, C.P., a valiant veteran who

A Passionist Veteran's Diamond Jubilee

celebrates this month the 60th anniversary of his priesthood. The life of an ordinary priest, in such a long term of service, would be an imposing record of work for souls. Fr. Mark's career has given him opportunities—and if they were not present he sought them out—to do extraordinary things.

If we single out his labors among the Negroes it is because we believe he would have it so. After working for them in Texas, he came north—not to retire, but to start afresh in a new field. At a time when most men succumb to the urge for rest and retirement, he set out to pioneer in Washington, North Carolina. With surprising vigor and a zeal that burned brighter because it had always been fed with sacrifice, he started. Not because they lack the hope of harvest, but because they have so long been neglected, the southern missions call for hard work, great courage, and a lively faith. They cry out too for financial help.

Fr. Mark had courage and faith. He loved hard work. He appealed for help—and he gratefully acknowledges his debt to generous friends. His very success, however, brings new demands. He begs, and we heartily endorse his appeal, for funds to build a Church. Whatever you send us for him or for his energetic assistant, Fr. Daniel McDevitt, C.P., will be forwarded promptly with your name and address. This is the diamond jubilee gift Fr. Mark wants: the assurance that his much-needed church will soon be built. You can help to make that possible.

• **SECRETARY OF STATE CORDELL HULL's** recent speech outlining the foreign policy of the United States was an important and well-considered pronouncement. It took

Secretary Hull and Foreign Policy

into account traditional American policy and it applied it to the circumstances of the world in which we live today. It steered a middle course between a policy of extreme isolation and of meddling in the affairs of other nations.

In this modern world no nation can stand completely alone. The peace and progress of a nation is dependent on international law and order, just as the progress of a community is dependent on domestic law and order. A breakdown in one part of the world necessarily has repercussions in other parts, so that no nation can be indifferent to what is happening elsewhere.

Mr. Hull denied, with good reason we believe, that the Neutrality Law can be applied automatically in all circumstances, and furthermore that it is any contribution to peace that we withdraw precipitately from any part of the world in which there is trouble. Were it to be believed that we are unwilling or unable to defend our interests abroad it would not be long before aggressor nations would find an excuse to menace those interests. War can be the result of too weak as well as of too forceful a policy.

It would be tragic, however, to abandon the traditional American policy of avoiding foreign entanglements. If blind isolation is one extreme, the other is the contention that the American army and navy should police the world. Parallel action with other countries

need not, however, imply a loss of independence of judgment or of freedom of action.

Dorothy Thompson in her well-known column, "On the Record," gives a good example of extreme views regarding the foreign relations of the United States. One of the recommendations she makes at the end of her analysis of Mr. Hull's speech is that "if France or Great Britain who, in the last months, have demonstrated their will to peace under conditions of extreme humiliation, and by almost superhuman patience, are embroiled in war, declared or undeclared, either as victims of armed aggression against their borders, or by reason of their defense of solemnly and publicly announced treaties, the United States of America will consider their cause its own."

Blind isolation and blind agreements are equally dangerous to American peace.

• • •

• **PERSECUTION of Jews** is one of the blackest pages in modern history. It is particularly shameful to note that some who have been most active in anti-Semitic activities are Christians, at least

Jews and Nationalist Spain

in name, followers of One Who inculcated love of one's neighbor without distinction as to race or color as an

essential condition of discipleship.

Now, persecution is never right but it must be admitted that the Jews have at times offered some grounds for the assaults which have been made on them. Since the outbreak of hostilities in Spain, the Jews of the world have shown a united front against Franco and Nationalist Spain and in favor of the Madrid-Valencia-Barcelona régime. They have used all the resources at their command through propaganda and material assistance to aid the cause of the Reds and to harm that of the Nationalists.

Several telling incidents are related by Dr. Joseph F. Thorning in his article, "Adventures of a Minute-Man," on page 519 of this issue, although the author uses these incidents to illustrate a different point from that under discussion. Jewish department store owners in London served notice on British newspapers that a pro-Franco attitude would be penalized by a loss of advertising. The threat had its desired effect. The other incident happened here in America. Mr. H. Edward Knoblaugh, who was in Spain for five years as Associated Press correspondent and was still there for some time after the outbreak of hostilities, wrote an extremely interesting and well-documented account of his experiences called *Correspondent in Spain*, which was very favorable to the Nationalists. A publisher of national reputation accepted the manuscript. In protest the Jewish managing editor resigned. The manuscript, in spite of its extraordinary value, had to go begging for a publisher who would accept it.

These two incidents serve to illustrate the hostility of world Jewry towards Nationalist Spain, and this in spite of the fact that up to the present there has been no authenticated account of any persecution of Jews by the Nationalist government. Generalissimo Franco appears at present to be well on his way toward bringing the whole of Spain under his control. When that is done we hope that he will be a good enough Christian to forget the hostility of world Jewry in his hour of need and will repress any attempted reprisals. If he fails in this the Jews of the world should remember that it was they and not he who declared war.

Adventures of a Minute-Man

The Alert, Intelligent and Courteous Minute-Man Will Find a Vast and Fruitful Field in Which to Work, As the Following Article Shows

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

IN VIEW of the recognized leadership of the editor of *THE SIGN* in the campaign to secure truthful reporting of news in the secular press, it occurred to me that it might be useful to relate the experience of one among the many who have labored perseveringly and courteously to bring the facts on Spain before the American public.

My interest in the matter was aroused by a brief book review, unsigned, which appeared in the *New York Times* on November 12, 1937. The volume was entitled *Counter-Attack in Spain* by that gifted Spanish novelist, Ramon Sender. Perhaps my curiosity as to what the reviewer would say was piqued by the fact that I had just completed a review of the same book for the editor of the *Catholic World*. Unlike some book reviewers, if I may say so without uncharitableness, I had both read and marked the book. On page 123 of *Counter-Attack in Spain* I had chanced upon this remarkable statement:

"The comrade's judgment was curious. He thought that the fourteen thousand murders committed by Franco in Navarre, the thirty thousand shot in Badajos, the twenty-seven thousand in Granada, must lead inevitably to the collapse of the rebels."

The number, "30,000 shot in Badajos," caught my eye. To be sure, I knew that Jacques Maritain, the eminent French philosopher, had, together with a small group of intellectuals, signed a protest against General Franco's régime in which the killing of "six hundred" at Badajos had been mentioned. It was also possible to read the estimate of "four thousand" which John Gunther, the Walter Winchell of the international scene, furnished in his blunt assertions about Badajos in his semi-fictional best-seller, *Inside Europe*.

Nevertheless, to find "six hundred" or even "four thousand" inflated into "thirty thousand" produced the magical effect of a letter to the *New York Times*, inquiring the name of

the reviewer, the evidence he may have accumulated for letting this fantastic claim pass unchallenged and whether this evidence had been collected "at Badajos, Granada or in Navarre."

A Dubious Answer

THE ANSWER I received from the managing editor, Mr. Edwin L. James, was not clear on any of these points, although assurance was given that the reviewer had been in Spain "last Summer." Upon repeated inquiry, addressed to Mr. James, it was impossible to obtain from him information as to the section of Spain that had been visited in the course of the past Summer. Nor was the reviewer's name divulged.

In the meantime, both myself and several members of the faculty of Mt. St. Mary's College, as well as the professor of History at Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart in New York (to mention only a few)

wrote dignified letters of protest against the obvious partisanship of Mr. Herbert L. Matthews, Madrid correspondent of the *New York Times*, pointing out that on at least one occasion Mr. Matthews had substituted blanks for the profanity, suggestive of Mae West, which colored the conversation of a Red millitiaman interviewed at the front. Some of these epithets were slurs upon Generalissimo Francisco Franco, whom I had personally learned to admire during my own sojourn in Spain as a sincere Christian, a knightly gentleman and an officer of the highest type. No defense was offered for Mr. Matthews' diction except that he was an honorable newspaper man and a keen reporter.

Mr. Herbert L. Matthews

THE DESCRIPTION is one that I and many others are inclined to accept. Herbert L. Matthews brings to his work in the field an almost boyish enthusiasm, a racy style and imaginative qualities of a high order. According to his own accounts he is often at the scene of action, if not danger, and is able to dramatize the most insignificant detail of an advance or a retreat. There is nothing Mr. Matthews enjoys more than to write his stories while shrapnel is bursting about the windows of the Hotel Florida, Madrid, or immediately after a breath-taking motor dash over a perilous side-road to Teruel. As a result he is successful in imparting to his word-pictures of the war many of the illuminating features of the candid camera.

At the same time, he is the first to admit his sympathy for the Madrid-Valencia-Barcelona régime. His metamorphosis from an ardent worshipper of Mussolini in Ethiopia to a profound "hater" of Fascism in Spain has been complete. If the dispatches to the *New York Times* leave any perplexity on the subject, the doubt is dispelled by Mr. Matthews' new book, *Two Wars and More to Come*. In this volume it is not only clear that the author wants the so-





called Loyalists to win, but also that he believes that the fate of the Western world is bound up in their defeat or triumph. These are convictions, it may be suggested, that allow a limited margin of objectivity in the mind and heart of the writer.

It is fair to add that there are those who differ with my estimate of Herbert L. Matthews. For my purpose it is sufficient to observe that these dissidents are chiefly drawn from the ranks of the *New Republic* staff or from the group of foreign correspondents who fraternized in Madrid last Summer, such as George Seldes, John Dos Passos, Martha Gellhorn and Ernest Hemingway.

Ernest Hemingway

I MENTION the latter, not because he is an ace correspondent, which he does not claim, but because he himself would be the first to admit that propinquity is a notable ingredient of love. Nor would he deny that the free publicity which the dramatist-novelist received from the *New York Times* dispatches of Matthews will not militate against the first-night glamour (box-office appeal) of the *Fifth Column*, written by Hemingway at the Hotel Florida in Madrid and almost ready for production in New York. It seems to me that I too would be grateful, if not as vociferous in my expression of gratitude as Hemingway was in his cabled "bouquet" for *Two Wars and More to Come* which the book pub-

lishers proudly displayed in the advertising columns of the *New York Times*.

Jewish Watchfulness

IN CONNECTION with advertising, the Minute-Men may draw a lesson from the action of Jewish department store owners in London, who promptly served notice upon the British newspapers that a pro-Franco attitude would be penalized in that most sensitive of nerve-centres, the pocket-book. The London *Daily Mail*, which started as a strong advocate of the Nationalist cause in Spain, speedily moderated its tone when advised of the consequences.

A more pointed admonition was addressed to publishers by the cloak and dress manufacturers, distributors, wholesalers and retailers of New York City when Walter Winchell in his gossip column disclosed the interesting fact that Cecil Beaton, talented artist of *Vogue*, had interpolated his sketches in that magazine with unseemly cartoons and reflections upon members of the Jewish race. No one would or could defend the action of the illustrator. He did not try to vindicate himself, simply declaring that the caricatures were aberrations of his "sub-conscious self."

The explanation did not soothe the feelings or satisfy the judgment of Walter Winchell, who is a consistent exponent of the civil and religious rights of his co-religionists. Even less did it satisfy the business acumen of Mr. Condé B. Nast, publisher of *Vogue*. He demanded and received the immediate resignation of Mr. Cecil Beaton. Nor did he deny the published report that his action had been prompted in no small measure by the vigorous threat of his dress trade advertisers to re-allocate their space in rival magazines. It seems to me that both publisher and advertisers were acting well within their rights both as American citizens and as intelligent exponents of the natural law.

What does surprise me is that seldom if ever in the last nineteen months have we heard of anything like the same zeal or intelligence on the part of Christian merchants who daily advertise their products in journals notorious for their unfairness to the cause of justice and truth. Perhaps a dignified, practical protest in the realm of business would be bad taste in a Gentile, although exquisite manners in a Jew.

On the word of a prominent London publisher and lecturer, I can relate an even more interesting story

of direct action. The readers of this magazine no doubt noticed the recent review of *Correspondent in Spain* by the former Associated Press correspondent, Mr. H. Edward Knoblauch. The latter, unlike Herbert L. Matthews, was no newcomer in Spain. As part of his regular assignment he had covered Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia and Seville for five years prior to the outbreak of the military revolt (or better, let us call it the Franco counter-revolution). In this capacity Mr. Knoblauch naturally acquired a thorough knowledge of the language, customs and ideology of Spain. His competence for his post, so far as I know, has never been called in question.

Knoblauch's Book

CONSEQUENTLY, when upon his departure from Madrid, due to Communistic threats to life and limb, Mr. Knoblauch decided to embody his experiences in a book, one would think that the publishers in New York would stand in line to secure the copyright rights of the thrilling, factual narrative. One publisher of national reputation did accept the manuscript. Thereupon, the Jewish managing editor submitted his resignation. That stopped the publisher in his tracks. The book was published by Sheed and Ward.

Although the critics in the secular press are not able to question the facts which Mr. Knoblauch has set down with obvious sincerity and with a wealth of supporting data, they are, to put it conservatively, rather restrained in their enthusiasm for this documented case-history of the Barcelona government. The analysis of the attitude of the secular press editors and correspondents is devastating, but this angle is not stressed either in the *New York Times* review nor in any other that I have seen. If Mr. Knoblauch had been in a position to give gratuitous press notices to John Dos Passos or Ernest Hemingway, he probably would be enjoying a wider vogue. I don't think I am revealing a secret when I suggest that literary "log-rolling" has not been entirely eliminated from the American scene.

In the speech which I gave at Philadelphia on December 29, 1937, before the first public session of the American Catholic Historical Association, I submitted a fairly lengthy analysis of the news on Spain up to that date. The speech was reported extensively in the *New York Times* the next day. The résumé of my remarks was clear, fair and, considering the limitations of space, altogether adequate.

Apparently, the many admirers of Mr. Matthews were disturbed, because for the next week or so the communications' column bristled with letters from infuriated correspondents. Rushing to the defense of Mr. Matthews, they attempted to rehabilitate the myth of Guernica (as well as that of Badajoz) which I had pulverized pretty thoroughly in my speech at Philadelphia.

Documentary Evidence

IN FAIRNESS to the publisher and editor of the *Times* I add that they published two letters of my own in support of my original criticism of the news from Spain. At the same time, I am obligated to mention that the most convincing item of evidence I produced in my speech was not published in the *Times* because the publisher refused to place on record the photostatic copy of two telegrams which indicate clearly what *The Times* (London) thought about the "inadequate and misleading" account of the destruction of Guernica cabled by Mr. G. L. Steer to London.

Since this is documentary evidence of the first magnitude I believe it no loss either of space or time to submit the text of these two messages. I may add that negligence on the part of Mr. Steer, coupled with sheer luck, brought the two cablegrams into my hands.

The first message, dated April 28, reads as follows:

STEER HOTEL TORRENTGUI
BILBAO—

THANKS FOR TELEGRAM QUITE AGREE WITH IT AND REGRET CUTS DUE LARGELY LATE DELIVERIES USING TONIGHTS EXCELLENT DISPATCH FULLY LEADER PAGE BEST REGARDS—TIMES *

Obviously, Mr. Steer, elated to think he had secured a 16-carat "scoop" and eager to exploit it to the limit in favor of his left-wing friends, had cabled his London office, urging them not only to feature his one-sided dispatch on Guernica in the news columns, but also to voice an editorial denunciation of General Franco and the "ruthless German aviators," who were, in the mind of Mr. Steer, guilty of mass murder and the deliberate, wholesale destruction of the "Holy City of the Basques."

The most cursory reading of the April 28 telegram shows how completely the home office of *The Times* (London) accepted the original story of Mr. G. L. Steer. The latter's suggestions were gratefully received, were within the limits of possibility acted upon, and a "bouquet" of "best regards" was added for the very alert and efficient correspondent.

In the meantime, doubts began to assail the members of the home office. More adequate coverage of the events at Guernica trickled into London from Marquina, *The Times* reporter with the Nationalist forces outside Bilbao, from the internationally famous Havas Agency, from a non-partisan group of world correspondents who made a most painstaking investigation of the vast holes wrought by dynamite in the hands of Asturian miners and manifest signs of incendiarism attributed to the retreating Reds, who had evidently taken the utmost pains, as on numerous other occasions, to "plant" an "atrocity" story. The fact that General Franco's planes did drop some bombs on the sacred city of Guernica helped the propaganda along enormously. But the bulk of the damage, as both *The Times* (London) and *The New York Times* had to acknowledge in a dispatch published eight months later (December 26, 1937) was perpetrated "upon evacuation." *The Times* (London) expressly repudiated the original reports on Guernica in a recent article going thoroughly into the evidence by Wing Commander James of the Royal Air Force. It requires no great power of penetration to discover who evacuated Guernica. Certainly, not General Franco or the Nationalists!

Truth About Guernica

LONG before December 26, 1937, however, the truth about Guernica began to make its way into the editorial sanctums in London and New York. The proof of this statement may be gleaned from the second cablegram dated May 4, 1937. I submit the text, which reads as follows:

STEER HOTEL TORRONTGUI
BILBAO

VIEW OTHER SIDES DISMISSAL YOUR GUERNICA STORY FURTHER JUDICIOUS STATEMENT DESIRABLE—TIMES * *

To be sure, Mr. G. L. Steer never made the "further judicious statement" suggested with so much point and propriety by his home office. He was a known partisan of the Reds; he had startled, if not shocked the world by an "atrocity" story, which rivaled the most gruesome inventions of the World War. No doubt he knew the nature of the "leader page," for which he was responsible in *The Times* (London), (not without a three-fold echo in the *New York Times*) had set off reverberations from Europe to Asia and America. As an ancient Chinese proverb puts it, "error had made its way half



Amelia de A. G. G. G.

way round the world before truth had even pulled on its slippers to overtake the falsehood." Mr. Steer knew all this and more. He knew his standing and reputation were at stake; he knew he had most certainly witnessed part of the destruction of Guernica. He determined to cling to his original version, in spite of contradiction and denial. In the case of *The Times* (London) correspondent that was a natural and an entirely understandable attitude. Few of us perhaps would do more or less.

On the other hand, the position of the editorial department of the two great newspapers in London and New York is not so easily comprehensible. To be sure, publishers and editors are likewise loath to admit mistakes. Above all, they are reluctant to retract editorial judgments, even when they might well do so on the grounds of incomplete or inaccurate dispatches furnished them by their employees. At any rate, they stood by their guns—only to reveal the truth in the simultaneous dispatch I have already mentioned (December 26, 1937).

The "New York Times"

A MORE pertinent inquiry concerns the refusal of the *New York Times* to publish the text of the two cablegrams, admittedly authentic, which I offered to the publisher, Mr. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, early in January. The latter, be it observed, had spontaneously communicated with me after my speech in Philadelphia. In a most polite, two-page

letter he assured me that his newspaper was anxious to present objectively the news from both sides in Spain. He expressed a desire to understand and publicize the truth.

Part of the truth, I submit, is to be sought in the above-mentioned telegrams. Why? Because they show, unmistakably and with convincing finality, that at the very moment when the two most influential newspapers in the English-speaking world were indulging in the most immoderate editorial denunciations of General Franco for the "deliberate, complete destruction" of Guernica, the responsible publishers and editors had the gravest reasons to doubt the authenticity of the first and principal source of misunderstanding of this historic incident. The cablegrams do not settle the major share of the responsibility for the destruction of the "Holy City of the Basques" as definitively as do later dispatches in the two newspapers, but they indicate to any fair-minded seeker after truth the difference between what was thundered to the reading public in the outside world and what was already half-heartedly, fearfully suspected in the secrecy of the editorial precincts.

If I had been either the publisher or editor responsible for this dis-

parity between what was proclaimed from the house-tops and what transpired in my mind, heart and conscience, I too, even at this late date, would be reluctant to publish the *verbatim* report on my state of inner consciousness to the world, as in fact it must have been in London and New York on May 4, 1937. There are times when the suppression of fact is quite as culpable a dereliction of duty as the positive fabrication of evidence.

This does not conclude the story of my adventure. I was naive enough to wish to settle my curiosity about our book reviewer, the gentleman who had nothing but unqualified praise (and a tag from *The Times* (London) taken bodily from the blurb cover-jacket) for Ramon Sender's *Counter-Attack in Spain*.

The answer finally arrived, not from the managing editor, but from Mr. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the publisher. I take occasion to pay a tribute to this gentleman for his spirit of helpfulness and unfailing courtesy in what must be perpetually for him a "very busy day." Mr. Sulzberger, in a letter dated January 17, 1938, acknowledged that his managing editor had been in error. The book reviewer, Mr. Charles Poore, a literary critic, distinguished

for his erudition as well as for his graces of style, had not been in Spain the past Summer, but in the "Summer before last." In the same letter it was admitted that on that occasion he had visited only the eastern part of the country. This was exactly what I had suspected on November 12, 1937.

A thousand items, unmentioned and unnoticed, were distilled into the discussion of Badajos, Guernica and the news from Spain. It was one advantage to have made investigations on the spot, something unattempted by Mr. Charles Poore, Mr. Edwin L. James, Mr. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, or Mr. George Seldes. This is suggested not because it indicates any superior skill, but a more adequate method of research. The results may appear meagre to the reader. They were enlightening to the author of these lines, and this detailed exposition of a rather intense effort to let "facts speak to a candid world" is submitted in the hope that it may prove helpful to other readers of *THE SIGN*, who have probably done far more to elucidate the case on Spain.

With Pascal we can repeat: "Ours it may not be to witness the triumph of truth, but to work for its vindication."



PENINSULAR NEWS SERVICE

Posters of Lenin and Stalin found by the Nationalists at Brunete. That of Lenin was found in the quarters of the Red officers

French Youth and the Faith

By MRS. GEORGE NORMAN

THAT France is today the pre-eminent intellectual nation is not generally disputed.

Germany might with justice have laid claim to distinction, if not primacy in philosophy and research until confusion descended on that country; England, like the United States, has her scholars of no mean calibre, and so on of other lands.

But intellectualism is in the warp and woof of the French nation. In its keenness, its logic, its appreciation of things of the mind, French intellectualism is notable. From the remotest provinces a stream of highly educated, highly intelligent youth makes yearly for Paris; education in France takes precedence over any other matter in every class above that of the peasant workers; every provincial primary school has its eyes on the centres, the sixteen French universities or, more ambitiously, on that of Paris, the Sorbonne, and the Great Schools of Paris more or less dependent on its university.

Nor has education in France so far been whittled away by the modern destructive agency of sport; the interests of scholars are really centred in their studies; literary, scientific and philosophical problems are the subject matter of their talk and argument; ball-games, in so far as they are considered at all, are regarded as somewhat childish, though healthy, distractions — certainly never as the primary feature of a preparation for life.

It is therefore the more gratifying that the present youthful élite of France has experienced a complete "conversion" or return towards the Faith so signally undermined by the Great Revolution of the Eighteenth Century. The Grandes Ecoles, or Great Schools, once riddled with scepticism or atheism—for, true to type, students had their views fully developed on such matters—are now, apart from their Protestant, Jewish, or definitely unbelieving members, filled with "practicing" Catholics and are distinguished by a virile, apostolic faith. Every Easter about 20,000 alumni of the Great Schools issue a "reminder" to their comrades of

what Easter comports in the way of religious duties. This reminder is a symbolic gesture, a rallying of the forces, for the comrades to whom it is addressed are far from being of those whom Péguy called "the innumerable flock of the tepid."

All this great youth movement is due to an eighteen-year-old student from a country district, Pierre Poyet by name, who entered the famous Ecole Normale Supérieure in 1907 and transformed it. His influence radiated to the other Grandes Ecoles and thence all over France, starting perhaps the return to God of an entire nation. He had already done one year of the tough French military service; there he had been known for his good comradeship, his serviceableness and, already, his influence for good.

"STRANGE DESTINY," says the preface to Pierre Poyet's Life, by Albert Bessières, "strange destiny of this youth whom death removed in the first flower of age, but whose work was so finished and remains so living. He was frail, pale, delicate, and one leaned on him with absolute security. He had kept the simple gestures and the timid pleasantness of a growing boy, and his moral ascendancy imposed itself with an imperious force. An austere, indomitable energy was joined in him to the most indulgent kindness. He defended his beliefs with passionate ardor while all the time respecting the sincerity of others with a delicacy that charmed. He was neither an orator, a brilliant talker nor leader of men. His utterances were often obscure. One scarcely noticed him in any reunion, so greatly did he envelop himself in a silent humility." Yet "a few words fallen from his lips stirred the depths of conscience with more efficacy than the most eloquent discourses.

"It was thus that he inaugurated at the E. N. S. that Catholic renewal whose contagion before long spread to all the Great Schools."

Pierre Poyet died in a Jesuit institute, not yet actually admitted to the novitiate, after two years in which he was practically forgotten,

a mere teacher of young boys, his great intelligence barely recognized, his gifts seemingly half-wasted. Yet to him France may owe her future.

But those whom he influenced and who in their turn influenced others till today, were ordinary, vigorous, work-a-day young men with all the tendencies and temptations of their age, distinguished, it is true, by intellect, but by no more spirituality than is inherent in all men. Being where they were their mentality was, besides, exact and exacting, "critical intelligences which had already gone the round of the most difficult problems."

Pierre Poyet, himself a mathematician, appealed to two things in his comrades—he asked of them a methodical study of Christianity, its intrinsic truth must emerge to minds both clear and vigorous. "Speculative faith—should we neglect that? Surely not. Intelligence requires light." And he insisted that conviction must come from solid intellectual effort. "It must, of all necessity, be he who thinks and not we for him."

He knew what he was talking about, for his own faith had been hardly won. During two of his primary-school years he had known doubt and even disgust: he was bored to tears in church, he was making for scepticism. A conference by Marc Sangnier of the famous *Sillon* publication turned him "from the miscreant to be" into an apostle. The tendency of his mind was towards rationalism; his was no watery, pietistic temperament—all that he was, humanly speaking, he was by force of will and an indomitable energy.

HIS SECOND appeal to his generation was for their personal love of Jesus Christ with which his own deep heart was saturated. "We do not love Christ unless we love Him unto folly," he wrote.

It was spiritual genius, a genius for sanctity, which informed his miraculous apostolate and which on such a scale demanded it.

The Ecole Normale is a great square building which has, says M.



A midnight picture of Notre Dame in Paris. Through the influence of young men like Pierre Poyet the great French cathedrals and churches are becoming more than mere monuments and records of medieval faith

Doumic, the French politician, "the privilege of being exposed to the North on all sides!" In those days it badly needed a coat or so of paint, and if its white-bloused alumni loved it, it was in spite of peeling walls and the accumulation of grime in its unending passages, and for no æsthetic appeal.

FOUR or five students shared a room for *turne*; the former were divided into *talas* (from the Catholics going to Mass:—*à la Messe*) and the *anti-talas*, their reputed adversaries. But an admirable spirit did away with ill-feeling, *talas* and *anti-talas* lived together in tolerance. "In my *turne*," wrote Pierre in his first days, "is a convinced Protestant, a non-practicing Catholic, and an Israelite, a charming nature. . . . Tonight we transported the piano into the corridor and danced—a merry-go-round sort of dance-music." Scepticism there might be in the ranks at the Normale but nothing of pettiness. "Seriousness, a desire for truth, a conscience, in a word, by which we were all much akin in spite of violences which appeared at every mo-

ment to separate us one from the others," wrote Tharaud, the non-Catholic writer, speaking of an earlier generation.

But Pierre Poyet could not let it go at that. Most of his comrades came of Catholic stock—the Jews and Protestants were a minority—and he was out to make them Catholics in reality. This disciple was impassioned for Christ, and almost at once the force of his "conquering Christianity" came through for all the charming humility of his bearing. At one moment, later, there was an uprising of alarm, the word proselytism was heard: the *anti-talas* had understood the Ecole to live implicitly under a flag of peace. "Yet," wrote Poyet, "how can they think we can forget? . . . As if opening one's heart, hearing with affection and sympathy the uncertainties, the efforts of a soul struggling towards the ideal or tired of being beaten—as if all that were not the best, the most solid of bonds."

That was all the "proselytism" there ever was; Pierre had even what some Catholics might think an excessive respect for the opinions

—and heresies—of others; some of his most intimate and spiritual letters were written to a Protestant comrade exactly as if the latter had been a Catholic. "There are here good servants of truth," he wrote about another non-Catholic at the time of the upheaval. "G . . . is one of them. He is against us now but he fights as we should ourselves if his cause were ours. So . . . he is not against us: he is truly with us since he adores truth."

PIERRE just kept on his way; the agitation calmed down. "Peace has been made," he wrote with his joyous humility. "I myself am not doing too badly. I am a bit converted along with G."

G. was his second convert: he was the first of the "promotion"—those who had come up with Poyet—to be killed in the Great War. Two of Poyet's friends—when both he and G. were dead, a Protestant, and a free-thinker, wrote G's biography in the *Bulletin de Normale*: "Others have told of the radiance (*rayonnement*) that emanated from Pierre Poyet;" under his influence "G be-

came a Catholic and became it with fervor. Rapid but quiet evolution. Profound conversion after a week of reflection, continued and serious . . ." All had bowed before the fact, "for all of us felt the nobility and fine disquiet of a conscience so pure. Something new radiated from him [G.]. His interior development is magnificently illustrated by this extract from his diary: 'I asked of God the grace to become a saint. . . I shall have perhaps to leave my profession [G. was a mathematician of fine promise] and follow Christ. I shall know as I go along.'" It will be seen that the material of the Normale was not of base quality when non-Catholics could thus appreciate the finer shades of an alien faith.

But it was not only at the *Ecole Normale* that Pierre was an apostle. He loved his school and his comrades, "I believe that heaven is an unending friendship," he once wrote, but his love of God led him beyond his circle and the walls of the school.

Asked to give a lecture to the Republican Youth (where a fortnight earlier a General had spoken against the danger of clerical influence on youth) Pierre accepted. He decided, with that uncompromising will of his, to speak of Christ—in connection with his subject, the poems and old songs of Languedoc. . . . The hall was filled with free-thinkers, on the platform and off; Normaliens, Catholic and otherwise, doubtfully accompanied Pierre to see the thing through—it might be stormy; twenty-three years later, writes one of them, no one had forgotten it.

THE LECTURE was loudly applauded—it was good stuff, extremely intelligent, and made pleasant by the lecturer's youth and charm. Then he slid from ancient memories to latter-day realities: the future . . . progress . . . the coming Better City. "For my part I am a disciple of Him whom Jaurès [the Socialist leader] calls 'the gentle dreamer of Galilee'. . . And when you are all working for the good of others . . . when you collaborate in works of brotherly solidarity aren't you all followers of that doctrine of love He came to bring into the world?"

It was a splendid effort of courage, almost a heroism. A young member of the free-thinking committee, acting for the moment as President, thanked the speaker "by a few simple words of touching cordiality."

Pierre Poyet, says his Life, was not the only apostle of the Schools, but he was the chief one. There had been beginnings of mass-conversion in

years gone by, notably that inaugurated by another Pierre, Oliviant, later the Jesuit martyr of the Commune.

But the salient feature of Pierre Poyet's work is that it has lasted, that it has branched out into a magnificent apostolate embracing not only Paris but the whole of France. It lives by the corporate life that is its strength, originating largely in the Union of Catholic Civil Engineers. Retreats are its mainstay, the very bones of its splendid body; as long as, by the energy of its members, retreats are organized and followed, so long shall we see the continuance of the great Catholic youth movement of France.

Since Poyet's time retreats have increased till now each Great School—Normale, Polytechnique, Chartres and many others—has its annual three days' retreat before the re-assembling of schools. To get men voluntarily to go into retreat at the end of the short French vacations is an almost heroic measure and takes energy and the real apostolic spirit

on the part of past and elder comrades. Poyet left them an immortal example.

Debates, frequented by Catholics and others; social work in Red outlying districts, in *patros* (Patronages, corresponding roughly to our Clubs); catechizing on a large scale in such districts, helping in countless ways their overburdened priests, are all results or parts of the youth apostolate.

All this activity of young intellectuals—for only such are alumni of the Great Schools—youths in the first flush of individual life in Paris, amidst its seductions mental, worldly or merely sensual, is kept in order and supernaturalized firstly by Communion received in common or otherwise, each School now having its own mid-weekly Mass at some church nearby, and then by a marvellous chain of weekly or fortnightly reunions. They are no more or less than a continuation of the yearly retreats. Can we wonder if so much valor, energy and determination is helping to regenerate a nation?

Veronica's Veil

By LEONARD TWYNHAM

No more shall burning teardrops flow
From my doubt-misted eyes
That looked on God in mortal woe,
Stooping in human guise,
Bent low beneath a heavy cross,
Climbing a stony hill,
And counting all but truth a loss,
Bowing to heaven's will.

Had I been hesitant and loath
To seek His saving grace,
He had not pressed my treasured cloth
Upon His fevered face;
But since this kerchief clearly bears
The image of my Lord,
My tortured spirit never fears
The smiting of His Word.

Upon this scarf I plainly see
His portrait, sorrow-stained,
His features touched in agony
With tenderness unfeigned;
And that sad beauty of His brow,
Imprinted on my soul,
Transforms all grief until somehow
My shattered heart is whole.

Government:

Tyrant or

Protector?

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO



violent revolution. Communism he condemns, but he is no less decisive in his denunciation of individualism and *laissez-faire*. He would not have the State usurp the rights of its citizens, yet he is by no means tolerant of the "economic dictatorship" which enslaves millions and makes life "hard, cruel and relentless in a ghastly measure." In view of the strong position of our Holy Father, it would seem

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH today is concerned about the ancient problem of the relations between Church and State. In recent years she has seen once more the rise of the all-powerful State to challenge her supreme authority in matters of the spirit. In many lands the worship of God has been forced to take a place far below that of the national religion of worship of country and race. Dictators thirsting for their hour of power and glory have insolently thrust aside the one institution which would impose reason in place of hatred and justice in place of might. In nation after nation the individual has been made a puppet to serve the whim of a leader. The family has been threatened from many sides. Youth has been given an education that is synonymous with propaganda, while little hands that might have fingered prayer beads grow rough from handling rifles. While it is true that few nations have espoused the godlessness of Russia or the slanderous tactics of Germany, which undermines what it does not as yet dare to attack, yet

there has been a steady growth in that direction in the war-torn nations of Europe.

Confronted with this grave crisis, the Church has preserved a balance and sanity which bespeak the covenanted guidance of the Holy Spirit. To have gone to the opposite extreme and to have decried all State interference with the individual would have been natural. In fact, many among us, not gifted with the supernal wisdom of Rome, have shown signs of such a reaction. But the ancient and inspired wisdom of the Church has realized that often extremes meet and that State inaction in the face of serious problems may produce the all-embracing State which the proponents of inaction would avoid.

Abuses Breed Discontent

POPE PIUS XI never ceases to insist that the abuses of the present social order are a most fertile breeding ground for discontent. Many times he has asserted that unless these problems are solved, nothing can save society from the forces of

that a discussion of the Catholic teaching on the State, in the light of American conditions, would be most timely.

In an ideal society, the State would be a co-ordinating force in a régime of self-governing units. Its task would be that of "directing, watching, stimulating and restraining, as circumstances suggest or necessity demands." Local problems would be left to local groups, while the government would concern itself only with working out the common good of the whole community. In particular it would not usurp to itself functions which could be adequately performed by smaller and lesser groups. It is to be supreme without becoming all-embracing or totalitarian. On the other hand it should not be a tool in the hands of any group of citizens. The Pope especially warns against concentrated economic power which makes the State its servant, debasing its majesty to the service of the lust for wealth and power. The State rather should seek the good of all its citizens and be puppet of no special class.

It would be a grave mistake to interpret this teaching of the Church in the individualist sense. The Pope arraigns "Liberalism" (which means "rugged individualism") just as severely as he does Communism. In fact, in his Encyclical *On Reconstructing the Social Order* he seems even more severe, if possible, when speaking of the Manchester School than he does when speaking of Communism. Certainly it is mentioned far more frequently.

State Intervention

ACCORDINGLY, the restraints which Catholic thought put upon the power of the State do not imply passivity in the face of grave social problems. Rather they indicate a preference for self-regulation as far as possible, and only when this can be carried no further is there place for State intervention. Our Holy Father does not condemn class legislation as such. Pope Pius quotes with approval the statement of Leo XIII that the poor have special need of State assistance. "And for this reason wage-earners, since they belong to that class, should be especially cared for and protected by the government." This is further elaborated in the Encyclical *On Atheistic Communism*.

"It must likewise be the special care of the State to create those material conditions of life without which an orderly society cannot exist. The State must take every measure necessary to supply employment, particularly for the heads of families and for the young. To achieve this end demanded by the pressing needs of the common welfare, the wealthy classes must be induced to assume those burdens without which human society cannot be saved nor they themselves remain secure. However, measures taken by the State with this end in view ought to be of such a nature that they will really affect those who actually possess more than their share of capital resources, and who continue to accumulate them to the grievous detriment of others."

The freedom of individuals must be protected, "but this principle is only valid as long as the common good is secure and no injustice is entailed."

These broad principles are worked out in more detail when the Pope speaks of the right of property. Since property is basic both in the social and in the economic order, the power of the State to regulate the use of property is a rather good indication of the just limits of sovereignty. In discussing the fundamental right of private property, Pope Pius insists upon its "two-fold aspect, which is

individual or social, accordingly as it regards individuals or concerns the common good." He asserts that it would be a grave error to overlook either aspect, as have done individualism and Communism. It is the function of the State to define precisely how the common good qualifies the right of an individual to use his property. While it may not use this function as a pretext for destroying or taxing away all ownership, many limitations, seemingly harsh, prevent private property from creating intolerable burdens and so rushing to its own destruction. Social regulation, "far from weakening the right of private property, gives it new strength."

The Pope even goes so far, when speaking of the program of right-wing socialism, as to indicate a qualified approval of parts of their purely economic program. "For it is rightly contended that certain forms of property must be reserved to the State, since they carry with them an opportunity for domination too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large." This position might be summarized briefly in the following statement: Catholic ethics insist that the State has both the right and duty to promote the common good, and accordingly to curtail the economic freedom of individuals and the use of property in the interests of the general welfare.

In applying Catholic principles to the problems of the United States, we are confronted with the spectacle of a divided sovereignty, exercised jointly by federal, state and local authorities. The knotty questions about the relationship of higher and lower groups are emphasized strongly by these conditions. The question is bound to occur as to what power should be exercised by Washington; what by New York State; what by the city of Syracuse. Un-

doubtedly in recent decades there has been a growing tendency toward centralization of sovereignty in the United States. Is this an inevitable development or a usurpation? To answer these questions the Pope has given us one great test: does the common good demand such an exercise of power? In applying this norm in detail certain major problems must be considered.

National Wealth

THE FIRST problem concerns national wealth. The real wealth of America is not contained in the vaults of banks. It is the soil which nourishes us, the trees from which we are housed, and the hidden treasures which give steel sinews to the factories and the power to run mighty, throbbing engines. Few economic problems are of greater importance than those connected with the conservation of natural resources. They in their turn involve the question of individualism. Few men deliberately pillage the soil or gut the forests. To a great extent they adopt unwise policies because of their inability to organize or because of the pressure of competition. Here it would seem obvious that the common good, the welfare of millions yet unborn, demands the curbing of wasteful competition and the restraint of individualistic anarchy. This position becomes clearer when it is examined point by point.

One great natural resource is our



F. ALLAN MORGAN PHOTO

Unemployment exacts a terrible toll in morale and in national wealth

forests. Carelessness and competition in this regard have resulted in the wasteful destruction of much valuable national wealth. Here again there is nobody to blame. Each company did its best to make profits. It is quite possible that it could not have acted otherwise, although some firms have found permanent scientific lumbering a paying policy. At any rate our forests were disappearing at an alarming rate. Denuded hillsides added to the violence of spring floods and contributed their silt to render useless giant power dams. America was rapidly going through her patrimony, but what was everybody's business became nobody's business.

Here again appeared a legitimate cause for government action. Forest lands were bought and turned into parks. Conservation policies were fostered. Poor land was purchased and planted with trees. Many private companies were induced to adopt better practices of forestry. Now it appears that the tide is turning, and that slowly this great reservoir of national wealth is being filled once again.

Problem of Oil

THE PROBLEM of oil is only beginning. This mineral, hardly used a century ago, is today a vital economic necessity. Without it transportation would be crippled. The automobile, the airplane and even the steamship are almost utterly dependent upon its continued availability. Nations so value this particular type of resource that wars have been fought for its acquisition. Much of

the "civilization" which enlightened nations are conferring upon backward peoples is not unrelated to the question of oil.

America, however, has been using this resource with almost criminal prodigality. In the past, wasteful production has been the rule rather than the exception. As a result America's reserves, available at *present costs of production*, apparently will last but a few decades. After that we will be dependent on new discoveries, imports, or most costly methods of extraction. Yet, nobody seems to be deliberately guilty of these practices. Here again competition is at fault. Our present laws concerning sub-surface mineral rights positively encourage competitive drilling and sale, with incidental wastes which are almost appalling.

The preservation of the national wealth at times demands a government protection of *things* of value. Catholic ethics justifies such action, but it would go much further. It is above all concerned with the *persons* for whom this wealth exists. In any community there are individuals or groups whose rights must be safeguarded by the sovereign State, since they are unable to protect themselves.

An obvious example of this is the law of contracts as applied to minors. The law refuses to enforce obligations contracted by inexperienced persons. It may even go further and remove onerous burdens unwittingly assumed by such persons. Such action is taken on the grounds that the common good would be injured, were malicious individuals allowed

to take advantage of the inexperience of youth. Fraud or violence may not be tolerated by any community. This broad principle has many concrete economic implications.

A very important group of persons in our present social system is the multitude designated by the title "investing public." The flow of savings into new industry is a normal event in a capitalist nation. By such means industry expands, new wants are satisfied and national wealth increased. In the past, however, much of the money apparently flowing through these channels never reached industry. It was diverted into the pockets of the promoters of fraudulent, worthless, or overvalued securities.

It has been estimated that 25 million dollars worth of such questionable instruments were issued during the 1920's. Ten million investors were directly affected and millions more indirectly injured through the losses of banks and insurance companies. These victims were largely deceived by the withholding of essential facts. It would seem right, then, for government to protect this important part of the economic system, and the welfare of millions, by insisting upon full publicity in such transactions. As a matter of fact, complete disclosure of material facts is now a condition of security issuance and later trading. Such regulation appears to be simply an effort to promote the common good, not an arbitrary interference with business.

Problem of the Poor

A GROUP mentioned frequently and with sympathy by the Popes is the vast army of "the poor." Workers, urban and rural; child workers; women workers and other such individuals whose material lot in this life is not of the best, are indicated explicitly as special subjects for government concern and aid. Some in these groups can be relied upon to help themselves. Self-help by means of organization is especially easy for the skilled worker. For the unskilled worker, however, it has been a difficult problem.

In the past, employers in the mass production and similar industries have systematically and ruthlessly denied their workers their natural right of organization and collective bargaining. Only when the federal government and many state governments recognized by law and enforced by commissions and courts this basic right, was the way of self-help opened to millions of workers. These groups are now better able to enter upon free and unforced contracts on the subjects of wages,



Night photo of an oil field at Santa Fe Springs, California

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

hours and better working conditions.

There are others, however, to whom the way of self-help is not so open. Women and child workers are rarely able to organize and bargain collectively. Minimum standards of pay in their case must be guaranteed directly by the several states in which they work. Furthermore, state competition for new factories has so lowered standards in some industries that the common good has been grievously affected. Whole regions have been industrially depopulated because of the deliberate bait of "cheap and docile" labor offered by certain states. Here again it would seem that justice to these workers, and the good of other sections of the country, would demand an end of this inhuman competition. Federal determination of minimum wage standards would be sanctioned by such a principle.

Unemployed and Aged

AMONG the "poor," the unemployed and the indigent aged are especially deserving of sympathy. The Pope would have this latter group protected by suitable public or private insurance. He would have the proper authorities alleviate the immediate burden of the former class and seek such economic reforms as would lead to their ultimate re-employment.

Applying these principles to American conditions, it would appear that the amount of self-help available to these groups is limited. Recurrent depressions have exhausted the savings of the aged. Periodic poverty often has forced them to default upon the payment of private insurance. Thus public insurance seems to offer the only sound security for millions who must face the hazards of a changing economic system.

Nor is the way of self-help open to the unemployed. In the early part of 1937, when business was near "normal" and profits close to 1929 levels, nearly nine million were out of work. Probably half of this number has been displaced by the machine. Apparently American business has discovered no new markets which would foster an expansion sufficient to absorb these men. The cultivation of home markets is hampered by a mistaken high price policy. It is furthermore restricted by the present method of income distribution. The ultra-conservative Brookings Institution has found that industry expands only when an increasing portion of the national income goes to the poorer groups. When they can spend, factories hum and the savings of the wealthy are invested. When they cannot spend freely, factories are idle and the sav-

ings of the wealthy cannot be used by industry.

Accordingly, it would seem that the prevalent policies of industry unwittingly lead to the continued unemployment of millions. If the government is to seek the welfare of these citizens, it must see that the social responsibility of the directors of industrial property is emphasized once again. In practice this means the breaking up of rigidly high price systems. It also implies the effort to achieve a more economic distribution of income by allocating the costs of government more in the direction of those who save rather than spend. Apparently only by such methods can the problem of unemployment be solved. When an economic system is unable to provide a means of living for millions of men, it is an obvious duty of the sovereign power to adjust that system in conformity with its social obligations.

While government may at times be compelled to take direct action to conserve wealth and to protect oppressed groups, it may also have certain duties in regard to economic methods. Behind many of the glaring inequalities of modern life are certain institutions, such as competition, concentration of economic power, debt, overexpansion of industry, and the like.

Finally there is the question of the economic power of the large corporation. To a great extent the large company is gradually crushing the "little man." It is so growing in

wealth and power that it often exercises a sovereignty equal to that of the state. Furthermore this power is narrowly concentrated by various legal expedients which rob the stockholders of actual control of their firms. Thus a small group, responsible to no one, exercises vast power throughout the country today. Undoubtedly this has been a basic cause of the concentration of income which has contracted the consumers' market and led to severe depressions. This fact is a major challenge to the common good, a challenge laid directly at the door of the only group capable of exercising social supervision of the giant corporation, namely, the central government.

Central Government

IT would seem then that America faces grave problems which cannot all be solved by self-help or local aid. Many of them must be faced in part by the federal government.

Accordingly it would seem that the Catholic doctrine of the common good would sanction a certain expansion in the powers of the central government. This would seem to be neither a usurpation of the rights of the states, nor an intrusion into business, but rather a legitimate exercise of sovereign right and duty. To cry out against necessary and legitimate action of government would appear to be following the policy of calling "wolf, wolf" so frequently that when certain danger appears, our call may remain unheeded.



Forest fires annually lay waste vast areas of valuable timber land

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Epitaph in Burma

By RAY CARR

IT WAS an unkind Fate that brought them together in a tumble-down jungle Rest House. Robert Bargrave would have travelled a hundred miles across country to avoid meeting the Stallards; and when he entered the Kawbin bungalow he believed them to be somewhere at the other end of Burma. . . .

But he came face to face with Sylvia Stallard on the veranda, and there was no avoiding the encounter. For a moment or two they faced one another in silence; Bargrave with an expression of pain in the eyes set deep in his lined, clean-shaven face, Sylvia calm and emotionless.

"I'm sorry, I did not know . . ." he began.

She cut him short. "Why apologize? You have a perfect right to be here." With a swift glance she noted his ragged khaki shorts, the battered solar topee that had seen better days. . . . It was true, then, that Robert Bargrave was going downhill. She had been wise in refusing to marry him.

"It is only for tonight," he explained. "I am moving down the river at dawn."

Sylvia Stallard shrugged her shoulders and smiled faintly: "I can assure you that there is nothing to worry about. Jack, my husband, will be back shortly and I know that he would like to meet you." Then, as he still hesitated, there came a slightly more friendly note into her voice as she added, "Don't be foolish, Robert. I have forgotten the past."

"Have you?" he inquired eagerly. "It is kind of you to say so . . . If we could be friends again just for this evening."

"Of course."

He turned away and went to the room where his Burmese servant was unpacking his kit. He must make himself presentable; shave, bathe and put on a respectable suit. And as he busied himself in the bare room with its curtainless windows and unpainted jungle-wood walling, Bargrave's thoughts went back ten years to the time when he had been engaged to Sylvia. In those days he had been a man with brilliant prospects, the youngest Forest Manager in the Asiatic Timber Company and destined for a seat on the Board in the New York Office. Then there had

been tales of an episode with a Burmese girl, and although he had been entirely innocent the scandal-mongers in an upcountry station took good care that the rumors came to Sylvia. Although he was innocent, Bargrave admitted to himself, had always admitted, that because of his sullied reputation Sylvia had cause to break the engagement. And yet. . . .

As he adjusted his tie with unaccustomed fingers, he studied his features in the dusty bazaar mirror nailed to the wall. These last ten years had not improved him. Deliberately he had turned his back on success; had thrown up his job and ventured independently into the timber trade. Hampered by lack of capital he had never prospered; he had been too proud to seek favors from old friends, had been too ready to seek the consolation of the whiskey bottle.

Now, in the mirror, he saw the face of a soured and disappointed man, the face of one who had made a muddle of his life . . . Sylvia must have observed the change in him. But with her time had dealt easily. She was as beautiful as in the old days.

He wondered about Stallard. A smart fellow, it was said. Stallard was a technical specialist attached to the Standard Oil Company and Kawbin was far off the beaten track for such as he. Possibly he was following up the rumor that traces of oil had been found in some jungle stream.

MAUNG KO, his servant, held up his coat for him to put on. It was a coat of tussore silk, creased from lying long unused. Bargrave thrust his arms into the sleeves. . . .

"Thakin! Do we go down the river at dawn?" inquired the servant. He spoke anxiously.

"Of course. Why do you ask, Maung Ko?"

There was a flicker of fear in the narrow eyes of the Burman. "It would be well to leave soon, Thakin . . . There is talk of a rising. The caretaker here speaks of men gathering in the hills. . . ."

Bargrave laughed reassuringly. One frequently heard of a threatened rebellion or raids by armed bands of

dacoits; rarely more than mere idle gossip . . . Yet he did recall the grim history of 1931 when massacre and fire stalked abroad. But it would never do to give any sign of alarm. And the river, a certain road to safety, lay a bare mile from the bungalow.

"We have heard that tale before, Maung Ko. There is nothing to fear, I am sure."

The servant was silent, but he glanced apprehensively towards the dark forest that came down to the very borders of the Rest House compound.

BARGRAVE dined with the Stallards upon the veranda. A kerosene lamp, hanging from a beam above them, cast a glare of light about the table and attracted to it moths and other less pleasant flying creatures. For some time conversation languished and there was an atmosphere of strain. Bargrave had made up his mind to dislike Stallard, the man who had triumphed where he had failed. But, almost against his will, he found his dislike fading.

Before they had seated themselves the other had drawn him aside for a moment. "I'm terribly sorry about this, Bargrave. I can guess your feelings. But, if we can be friends . . ." And, breaking off, Stallard had affected a difficulty in lighting his cigarette. He was big and fair-haired and youthful in appearance. A man without an ounce of guile in him.

Gradually the feeling of restraint passed; Bargrave found himself discussing old friends with Sylvia. Then Stallard mentioned the mission that had brought him to Kawbin. It was, as Bargrave conjectured, to follow up a vague tale of oil to be found in the jungle. He expected to be some days in the neighborhood.

"By the way," he remarked, "a rather odd thing happened to me this afternoon. I came upon a small village some three or four miles from here, and there wasn't a soul in the place. . . . None of my men could explain why it was deserted. It looked as if the villagers had cleared out in a hurry." He laughed. "Perhaps they saw me coming."

Sylvia joined in his laughter and turned to Bargrave. "They must have heard how dangerous Jack is

with a gun. He once peppered an old Burman by mistake for a deer."

"Well, the old chap did happen to be crawling through the jungle at the time."

Bargrave forced a smile, but the mention of that deserted village gave a new significance to Maung Ko's words. That handful of forest dwellers may have fled from an impending danger. Suddenly, it seemed to him that dinner was dragging interminably; he wished it over. There were certain urgent inquiries he must make . . . But he must show no alarm.

Sylvia noted his preoccupation and misinterpreted it. Once again she told herself that she had done wisely in marrying Jack Stallard. Jack was in vivid contrast to Robert; physically, intellectually, in every way his superior. In the last ten years the true Robert had emerged, and now she saw him for the man of coarse fibre that he was. Yet, because she pitied him, she endeavored to be kind.

At last the meal was over, and with an excuse that he must give his orders for the morrow, Bargrave rose from the table. He would be back in a few minutes, he said.

Going down into the compound he called to Maung Ko. Then, anxiously, he examined the silent wall of forest facing him. A young moon was in the western sky and its light sufficed to indicate the path that vanished beneath the tall teakwood trees. Along that path would danger come, if danger there was . . . Perhaps, even now, in the black shadows beyond the compound hostile eyes watched the bungalow.

"Thakin," murmured Maung Ko softly. He was not alone; behind him clustered a small group of frightened servants.

"What is this tale of a rising? What have you heard?" For a moment they remained silent, but one of them glanced upwards to the lighted veranda as if in mute protest at the flaring lamp.

"Speak," rapped out Bargrave.

The caretaker, an old man in a tattered waistcloth, quavered out what little he knew. For some days there had been talk of rebellion, sev-

eral bad characters had passed by the bungalow to a meeting place in the jungle, and some had told him that before long he would have no bungalow to guard. And today the few people who lived nearby had fled. The gathering in the jungle, they said, was now complete.

"Is that all?"

"It is enough, Thakin," said the old caretaker. Then he gave a short gasp and pointed above the trees. "See! It has begun."

An angry glow, smoke laden, was in the sky. "That is no forest fire, Thakin. It is the village of Sitko. . . .

Within an hour the dacoits will be here."

Stallard, leaning across the veranda rail, called out. "See that fire, Bargrave? It looks uncommonly like my deserted village."

"Yes, I think it is . . . Do you mind coming down here for a moment, Stallard?"

Together they walked to the end of the compound, and Bargrave told the other what he had learned. "There isn't a moment to lose. You must get Sylvia down to the river at once. I have a launch there . . ." Then he gripped Stallard's arm.



He came face to face with Sylvia Stallard on the veranda, and there was no avoiding the encounter. For a moment or two they faced one another in silence; Bargrave with an expression of pain in his eyes, Sylvia calm and emotionless

"Steady, old man! We mustn't show any signs of panic."

In the moonlight Stallard's face was chalk white. He swung about, as if to rush back to the bungalow. "Let me go," he gasped. "We must get out of here. Why, we may be murdered at any moment . . . And look at that light on the veranda." He was well nigh hysterical.

"Pull yourself together, Stallard. Remember that you have to look after Sylvia . . . And that veranda light remains where it is. Now walk, don't run." Bargrave retained his grip on the other man's arm.

This abrupt revelation of Stallard's true character was a shock. Sylvia was tied to an arrant coward. Bargrave repressed a bitter laugh as he realized how Stallard had played into his hands. It would be simplicity itself to show the fellow up before Sylvia. Put *finis* to her love story! Let her see the terrible mistake she had made.

Stallard was speaking; he controlled his voice with difficulty. "I'll do whatever you advise, Bargrave. But for God's sake get us out of this. We must hurry . . ."

"Keep cool. I'll do what I can . . ."

They were in the bungalow again and Sylvia, realizing that all was not well, put them an eager question. Bargrave endeavored to speak reassuringly. There was no immediate danger, he said, but it would be as well if they made their way to the river without undue delay. She could have five minutes in which to pack what she could. "What arms have you?" he asked Stallard. "A shot gun? Then get it and a bag of cartridges." Then he ordered Maung Ko to fetch his own gun and to get his kit together.

THERE WAS a scurry of servants and in an incredibly short time the veranda was littered with an assortment of bundles and boxes. Bargrave ordered them to be carried through to the back of the bungalow and out to the path that led to the river from the rear of the compound. . . . Meanwhile he kept an anxious eye upon the fringe of jungle facing the veranda. A servant had been stationed beyond the compound gate to give warning of the approach of any body of men.

Above the dark bank of foliage the glare of the burning village waxed and waned, and once or twice it seemed as if a faint shouting could be heard. Stallard fingered his gun nervously; he was all anxiety to be gone. His alarm was evident and it seemed as if Sylvia must note it as she stood quietly beside him.

Bargrave was tempted to utter a taunt. The words were on his lips but, as he saw Sylvia look up into her husband's face, he checked himself. There was no mistaking that look. It was one of complete trust and confidence. Sylvia believed implicitly in Stallard.

"Time to be moving," was all Bargrave could say. "You two go on with the servants. I'll bring up the rear with the old caretaker." He reached forward for his gun that lay upon the table. The last of the baggage was being carried through the bungalow. . . .

AT THAT MOMENT the watcher on the edge of the forest gave a shout that broke into a scream of terror as he was cut down. Half a dozen dim figures swarmed about the compound gate.

Stallard began to stammer wildly, but was checked by Bargrave. "Get out by the back stairs at once . . . I'll follow in a moment." Swiftly he reached up and dimmed the lamp and then slipped a couple of cartridges into the breech of his gun. A moment later he had fired at the nearest of the advancing figures and was smiling grimly at the yell of pain that followed immediately upon the shot.

He could then have turned and followed the Stallards, but to do so would mean certain pursuit by the dacoits . . . He must remain upon the veranda and make these ruffians believe that their quarry was still within the bungalow. He discharged his second barrel and, reloading, fired yet again. The dacoits withdrew into the shadow of the jungle.

But it was only a momentary respite and with much shouting several of them rushed forward and up the path. Two of them carried guns, clumsy gas-pipe weapons of local make.

There was a spurt of flame in the moonlight and a jagged slug ripped across Bargrave's left shoulder. He staggered and almost fell, but supporting himself against a corner post of the veranda he fired twice. The scattering shot brought down three of the attackers, and once again the mob retired hurriedly.

Blood was streaming from his shoulder. But he must hold out for a few minutes. Five minutes more, and Sylvia would have had a sufficient start. Five minutes! With fingers that almost refused to obey him, Bargrave fumbled the fresh cartridges home into his gun. . . .

Five minutes! A devil of a long time. That shoulder must be in a terrible mess . . . Blood everywhere.

At his feet lay a length of cord dropped by one of the servants in his haste. Painfully Bargrave bent and picked it up. Then with movements that became slower he passed it round his body and the corner post. He knotted the cord, making himself secure to the post . . . Once more he took his gun into his hands.

Five minutes! Surely less, now . . . But it was a long journey to the river, too far for him in any event! Wounded, he could never reach the launch.

Here they came again . . . Bargrave raised his gun and with all his ebbing strength pressed the trigger . . . The dacoits paused and broke back to the dark jungle . . . But not before another slug had struck Bargrave. . . .

From the shadows they watched that silent and motionless figure with the gun clenched tight in its hands. What manner of being was it that faced them? What magic protected this man they could not kill?

None dared to venture out again into the open to attack one who bore a charmed life. Whispering amongst themselves they peered out at him.

FROM THE RIVER, clear upon the night air, came the wail of a launch siren. Hearing it, the dacoits cried out that relief was coming to the Rest House; hurriedly they withdrew into the forest. They would find easier prey elsewhere . . . And only the unseeing eyes of the dead man on the veranda watched them.

The manner of Bargrave's death was disclosed a week or two later after a primitive police force had cleared the district. The news went through to the Stallards in Rangoon where it is difficult to realize how close the jungle is to civilization. Already the memory of that night of fear had lost some of its horror for Sylvia. Yet she was full of pity for Bargrave.

"Why did he do it?" she cried. "He had little cause to love me."

Her husband was silent. He was thinking of his own cowardice and of Bargrave's forbearance. It would have been so easy for Bargrave to disgrace him in Sylvia's eyes. But Bargrave had stood aside.

"Why did he do it, Jack?"

"Because he loved you very greatly, dearest."

"Yes, I suppose so. But how are you so certain, Jack?" He shook his head. That was something that Sylvia must never learn if he kept faith with Bargrave. And he must keep faith; Sylvia must never know that once he had nearly failed her. There must be no second failure. . . .

This Modern Nationalism

In the Conflict Between the Church and the Modern World Nationalism is at Present the Most Obvious Obstacle to the Spread of the Faith

By HILAIRE BELLOC

WHEN men ask themselves the question: "What is the chief danger to the Faith today?" many would answer "Nationalism."

They would not be quite right, for there are other main dangers (which we shall later examine) and, what is more, Nationalism is now at the top of its form: at the height of its power. Other dangers which are younger and growing, are already at least equally important.

But still, Nationalism is the obvious and crying danger, or perhaps it is more accurate to call it an obstacle than a danger. It interferes with the progress of the Faith and even with its defense, and it does so at this moment so obviously that we must take it first in our examination of the conflict between the Church and the Modern World. At the root of that conflict, as I have been saying on previous pages, is the eclipse of the Supernatural, but among the chief effects of that eclipse is this Nationalist menace to Catholic action.

First, let us see how strong the thing is, and then consider why it is at issue with Catholicism and right thinking.

How strong Nationalism is can best be seen by comparing our own time with even the recent past—still more by comparing our own time with two or three lifetimes ago.

There has been a vast butchery in the world, a war such as had never been known before: it was the product of Nationalism. Men have made sacrifices for the nation wholesale where their ancestors would only have made such sacrifices as exceptional heroes.

History is written everywhere on a national basis—a German, a French, an English, an Italian history. Each gives a separate view of the world which anyone unfamiliar with it finds extraordinary. For instance, I have just been looking at an official University English map illustrating 17th Century wars and politics. The names and the sites of the two decisive victories opening and closing Louis XIV's reign: Rocroi and Denain, do not even appear upon that map! It is as though a French map

illustrating the politics and wars of the 19th Century were to leave out Waterloo and Sedan.

Again, notice how the one thing that no one tolerates is being called anti-national. A modern man does not mind in the least being told that he is against religion or against the rights of property or of the family. Those are tolerated opinions. But a modern man takes it to be an unpardonable insult if he is told that he is indifferent to the fate of his own country. These instances of the strength of Nationalism will be developed in later articles. Meanwhile, it should be clear that Nationalism is the one outstanding political mark of our time.

But why should this be an evil? Most people take Nationalism for granted like the air they breathe, and the claims of the nation over the individual and the citizen, even over the family, are therefore taken for granted. For most people today it is not, without further reflection, conceivable that Nationalism can be anything but a good. Why then does it come into conflict with the Catholic Church and with right living? Why should it be the cause of moral as well as material disasters?

Evils of Nationalism

FROM the beginning of recorded history men have always been devoted to the political unit which had bred them or nourished them. Sometimes it was a tribe, sometimes a city, sometimes a little State, sometimes a great one, or even a vast Empire. But in every place and in all ages there has been this devotion to whatever it was that made us; the Athenian for Athens, the Roman for Rome, the Israelite for Palestine, the Scots or Irish fighter for his Clan or Sept. The sentiment is universal; it is everywhere sacred as well, and is therefore rightly respected as something normal to humanity. One who is not a patriot is contemptible. Whence then does the conflict come?

From two things: from exaggeration and from a consequence thereof, the misuse of a function. Exaggerated devotion to this or to that is

what is called, in terms of religion, idolatry. Just as the sin of pride is, in its ultimate root, the putting of one's self in the place of God, so Nationalism is the putting of the nation in the place of God. It is giving the nation that supreme authority which belongs to God alone.

Authority comes from Authorship. That which made us has a right to command us. A man is made by his nation; but for his nation he would not be what he is. But he and the nation and everything else are primarily made by God. That is why the commands or interests of the nation can never over-ride the commands or interest of God (if we may talk by a metaphor of the "interest" of God).

God and the State

PARTICULAR cases may be debated at length to prove that such and such an action commanded by the State does not clash with the commands of God. But the general principle that the commands of God are superior to those of the State must hold. When it is forgotten, still more when it is abandoned, the worst of evils follow. Indeed humanity today and its civilization are in peril of general destruction through this loss of a sense of proportion and degree in the matter of Nationalism. Not only is there a clash with the Faith when we put the Nation first of all, but there is a clash with the very life of man of which the Faith is the interpreter and guide.

But the trouble of Nationalism does not come only from error in degree; it also comes from a misuse of a function. Those who believe in God at all believe that Creation has a purpose. God, having given man this or that function, designed it to be used for a particular end. Thus it is the function of eating to nourish the body. It is also pleasant to eat good food, but if a man makes eating his principal occupation, he makes an error in degree, and if he thinks only of the taste of food, forgetting its main purpose, he will sooner or later do himself harm instead of good.

The function of Nationalism is to

protect the family and the individual, to give them a fuller and a better life, to organize them and their life for the achievement of a common purpose. When men make the nation the ultimate and only end, they misuse the function of that natural devotion which the Creator has implanted in us for the people to which we belong.

Now Nationalism, used in the sense of extreme and misused Nationalism, being thus dangerous and wrong, particularly affects for ill the life of the Catholic Church. Even where the whole nation is Catholic there will arise differences between those who are fervent and those who are indifferent. There is also in the history of every Catholic nation a body now larger, now smaller, of active enemies to the Faith. Nationalism makes men say: "These differences don't matter; what does matter is our common loyalty to our country." There must be no debate on *that*. But as to how much you do or do not support religion, or even as to whether you hold to religion at all,

the State must not bother to inquire.

This mortal error is most powerful, of course, in those countries where there is fully established division between Catholicism and its various opponents, and it is strongest of all, inevitably, in countries where the national tradition is anti-Catholic. For there are modern countries (England is the chief example) which grew up and became great in connection with the anti-Catholic side when the great religious revolution took place in the 16th and 17th centuries.

Nationalism is in conflict with the Faith in another and lesser way (but a sharp and vivid one) by making religious practices native to one climate or one sort of blood seem odious to a different race and different surroundings. This "alien feeling" cannot but interfere of its nature with the universality of the Faith. Thus there is no stronger appeal against the Authority of the Pope, for instance, than calling him "An Italian Prelate."

Then there is, in nations of ancient

Catholic culture, a contrary tendency which has given great trouble. This trouble is not an active denial of the Faith—for such nations have always been historically Catholic—but an identifying of the Faith with the national cause. The moment a man says (as thousands of them in Catholic countries do say today) "I support Catholic religious teachings in the schools *because* it strengthens patriotism; my nation has always been Catholic, maintaining Catholicism strengthens national feeling, therefore, I support Catholicism" he is at issue with the Faith and is bound, sooner or later, to clash with the authority of the Church.

These two dangers, the Nationalism which is anti-Catholic because the nation as a whole is anti-Catholic, and the Nationalism which supports the Church *only* because it feels that such support and loyalty is a National tradition, pretty well cover the whole of the modern white world.

I will consider each of them in turn in the articles which follow.

The Cross and the Classes

Christ Has Given an Example of Toil and of Self-Immolation to Workmen in Mines, in Factories, in Workshops, or Wherever Their Labors May Bring Them

By STANLEY B. JAMES

A YOUNG CARPENTER laid down the piece of work into which He had just driven the final nail, raised Himself from the bench, straightened His back, looked towards the door and walked out—never to return.

The call had come to announce the Kingdom of the Poor, and soon His voice was heard rallying to His side all the "weary and heavy-laden." At His command certain fishermen, following His example, laid down their nets and joined Him. The movement gathered strength and wherever He went enthusiastic crowds greeted Him. There was an atmosphere of expectancy and it seemed as though anything might happen. Hope ran high that at last the age of peace and prosperity was dawning.

Life was hard in those valleys and in the little towns by the seaside. The tax-gatherers who "farmed" the taxes for the Roman Conqueror were blood-suckers. What the Roman spared the priests took. A harsh religious legalism supported by a nu-

merous class of ecclesiastical lawyers made heavy exactions. Discontent was rife and there was whispered talk of popular risings. It needed only the right leader to fan the smouldering embers into a blaze.

And now it seemed that He had arrived. When it was known that His mission was authenticated by miracles the excitement became intense. Already the walls of the New Jerusalem seemed to gleam on the horizon. A short, sharp struggle and the Kingdom of the Beatitudes would be realized! All were impatient and pestered the Leader with questions as to when they might expect the overthrow of the old order and the establishment of the new. Some of His disciples went so far as to quarrel over the expected spoils, disputing among themselves as to priority in the coming Kingdom.

He listened gravely to their talk and warned them that between the present and the future of their dreams lay tragedy. There was dismay when He announced that He Himself would shortly perish and

that His disciples would be excommunicated and put to death. These prophecies appeared incredible. Though constantly repeated to His intimate friends, this did not prevent them from joining in the public demonstration which welcomed Him when at last He rode into the Capital. They looked at each other while the cheers of the crowd resounded in the narrow streets and whispered: "After all, He was wrong."

But He was not wrong. A few days later the hands which had so often held the hammer were being themselves nailed to the Cross. Only when tragedy had reached its deepest depths did the light of Easter Morning break.

The familiar story has a modern ring. Throughout the whole world of Labor there has passed a thrill of expectation. It would seem as though the long centuries, during which peasant and artisan have been the slaves of civilization, are drawing to a close. Metaphorically speaking, the carpenter puts down his tools, the

fishermen leave their nets, the collier comes from the mine, the agricultural laborer abandons his plow to join the procession which is marching towards the New Jerusalem. Revolution is in the air. Unrest is everywhere.

Nor is it a wonder. The oppression has been hard to bear and long drawn out. The pale faces of women and children penned in industrial cities give point to the argument that the day of deliverance is at hand. "A short, sharp struggle," it is said, "and the workers will rule the world."

AND to be told that the sufferings of the past are only a preparation for those which are to come and that, for the crucifixion of mine and factory, field and workshop, the oppressed must suffer that of the Cross is to tax credibility. Is it true that before they can find a real deliverance the Poor must invite persecution and that where they had thought to see the gleaming walls of the City looms the road?

And yet to think otherwise is to make the very mistake that has been made by the middle-class. The characteristic weakness of that class is a facile optimism which supposes that you can grow roses without thorns. This is the class which has given birth to that strange cult of so-called Christian Science which assures us that there is no evil save our proneness to imagine it. And another product of the same mentality is the Spiritism which refuses so much as to mention death, preferring to speak of the deceased as only "passing on." All the grimness and tragedy of the grave is hidden under wreaths of verbal flowers.

The social program of the middle-class includes a Leisure State in which the omnipotent machine will have made drudgery, even if it has not made labor of any kind, superfluous. As regards that other "bogey of the superstitious past" which men called "sin," we are invited to believe that this is the creation of the Church and that, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing. The difference between good and evil is non-existent; wisdom consists in giving the impulses of the natural man full play.

The pains and penalties attached to the married state are easily overcome by declaring that marriage is not indissoluble and by the use of contraceptives. In the ecclesiastical sphere we have the unique phenomenon of people who approve ardently of and even appropriate for their own use all the portable furniture



COURTESY CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

Ave Maria, by Horatio Walker

of the Catholic Church without accepting the disagreeable condition of submitting to the Church's authority. These examples illustrate what I have called the weak side of the bourgeoisie. That class, of course, has its excellencies. It is enterprising, scientific, humanitarian, but it has also the fatal flaw that has been mentioned. Instinctively it evades the Cross.

Well has Nicolas Berdyaev, the Russian exile and ex-Communist, described its character when he writes: "Everything the bourgeois touches, the family, the state, morality, religion, science, all is deadened. Contemplation, which could set us free, is unknown to him. The paradox of his life consists in his repudiation of tragedy; he is weighed down and darkened by his non-acceptance of the internal trag-

edy of life, of Golgotha; there is a relief and freedom in the acceptance of the Cross and the pain and suffering this entails. Because the bourgeois consciousness of guilt and sin has become so weak he is the slave of 'the world,' and his ideal is that of worldly power and wealth; the mystery of Golgotha is unacceptable to him. The bourgeois spirit is nothing but the rejection of Christ; even those whose lips confess Him may be the first to crucify Him anew." It has been said with truth that to deny the possibility of catastrophe is to make it certain. The régime of what has been called the Comfortable Class ended in the bloodiest war of all history.

Entirely in keeping with this middle-class tradition is the dream of a new social order that is to be won by a brief revolutionary struggle.

This short-way-to-Paradise theory cuts out of the picture the need to submit to religious authority guaranteeing the Kingdom of God to the poor—an omission utterly fatal to the prospect of attaining that Kingdom. It takes no account of the long and painful process of spiritual and moral discipline necessary in those who would prove worthy of the blessing.

APPARENTLY we are to walk out of the kingdoms of this world with all their dirt and dust upon us into the Kingdom of God. Men who yesterday were engaged in sanguinary strife on behalf of the workers, tomorrow, it is supposed, will be living happily under a régime of universal brotherhood. Merely by inflicting a certain amount of suffering on our enemies at little cost to ourselves we shall be able to enjoy the amenities of a humanitarian society from which all pain and sorrow have been banished. Neither interior discipline nor persecution are necessary. It is a theory, in short, which finds the Cross superfluous.

How different is the program which His Holiness, Pius XI, outlines for those who have undertaken an apostolate to the workers, recalling them to the Carpenter of Nazareth and to His Church! "Let Catholic working men," he wrote in *Divini Redemptoris*, "show these their wandering brethren by word and example that the Church is a tender Mother to all those who labor and suffer, and that she has never failed, and never will fail, in her sacred maternal duty of protecting her children. *If this mission, which must be fulfilled in mines, in factories, in workshops, wherever they may be laboring, should at times require great sacrifices, our workmen will remember that the Saviour of the world has given them an example not only of toil but of self-immolation.*"

The words I have italicized remind us of the numerous warnings given by Jesus to His too-optimistic followers, dismissing their facile assumption that a swift march on Jerusalem accompanied by a few easily wrought miracles would settle forever the whole business of the Kingdom of God on earth.

Is not the outlook suggested a bleak one to offer those poor who for untold centuries have waited in sodden misery for the Kingdom promised them?

On the contrary I can conceive of no grander lot than that indicated. It is one which, rightly interpreted, should awaken an enthusiasm far greater and profounder than that

which welcomed Christ into Jerusalem. A few words will explain my meaning.

It is now coming to be seen that the leadership of society is passing to the poor. Our modern middle-class having rejected the invitation to their Lord's Supper; He has sent out into the highways and byways to gather in the blind, the maimed, and the poverty-stricken. "In the complexity of the modern world," said Cardinal Pacelli recently, "the working classes take on a growing importance, an importance which it would be stupid and unjust to underestimate. The extent to which the representatives of labor are penetrated with the principles of the Gospel will decide in large measure the extent to which the society of tomorrow will be Christian." His Eminence, it should be added, was writing with reference to a forthcoming Congress of the Young Christian Workers.

Even more explicit is the statement of the Russian writer whom I have already quoted. Says Berdyaev: "The social basis of the Church is changing and the new one must be formed principally of workers, with a minority of intellectuals; no more nobles, no more of the old commercial class. The society of the future will be a working society, and the Church will be able to live in accordance therewith as she did with the societies of the past, continuing to be the guardian of the eternal truths which she offers to the souls of mankind."

IT LOOKS as though we were reverting to the state of things described by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Corinthians wherein he declared that in the Christian community were "not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble." In the great and grave crisis that is upon us the lead against an atheistic and materialistic proletariat will be taken by those Christian forces which have passed through the school of suffering and been disciplined and prepared for their task by experiences of poverty and sorrow.

But this leadership is a costly thing. It implies further discipline, more self-denial, a crucifixion of which the travail of the mine and the factory was only the preliminary stage. But the point is that this crucifixion carries with it supreme honor—the honor of captaining the hosts which bear the standard of Jesus the Carpenter against the enemies of His Church, the would-be destroyers of all for which our Christian civilization stands.

And that implies a still greater privilege. To suffer in that cause means not only suffering for Christ: it means suffering with Him. It is one thing to suffer for no seeming reason or as the victims of human greed and tyranny and another thing to share the suffering of the Son of God, thus assisting in the redemption of the world from greed and tyranny. It is one thing to be the helpless prey of circumstances or the impotent slave of an unjust system but it is another thing to be a volunteer in that Army which will lift the siege of humanity and set free our brother workers from the guilt and sorrow that have darkened their lot.

NOWHERE else can we see hope of deliverance. Common people, the "classes," those who have learned in the hard classroom of experience what it is to suffer and who have learned to look through their tears to the Cross of Christ, they will be the leaders in the great struggle that is ahead. Their lives have been prepared according to the model of the great Workman of Nazareth. Their vocation is to bear the cross with Christ and to be joined with Him in the final consummation of Calvary.

To be "crucified with Christ" is to find our existence, however humble and however burdened, glorified with divine meaning. It is to be made fully conscious of our human dignity. It is to experience the supreme joy of taking an active share in the work of establishing the Kingdom of God and thus being a fellow-worker with Him. No one has expressed better than the present Pontiff the exaltation of spirit which this is able to impart.

"I thank God," Pius XI wrote recently to Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, "for letting me live in the present circumstances, in the midst of a crisis so universal, so deep, and unique in the history of the Church! Anybody should be proud of being a witness of and, to a certain extent an actor in, this sublime drama, in which evil and good have come to grips in a gigantic duel."

Such is the all-sufficient reward of those who are called at the present time to be "the advance guard of the Church" and to bear the brunt of the fighting in the greatest conflict of the centuries. As the class which denied evil has brought about a very inferno of evil in this world, those who accept it in the name of Christ and help to bear His Cross may create for themselves and for others a civilization from which at least most of the evils of the present shall be banished.

Soviet Future

By DOUGLAS JERROLD

MUCH has been written of conditions in Russia, most of it as valuable as would be a book written about conditions in Europe by a journalist from Mars engaged on a ten weeks' tour of the planet. Communist and anti-Communist alike must plead guilty to exploiting Russia in the interests of their propaganda. Russia is not a country but a continent. She is a Mediterranean, an Arctic, a central European, a Baltic, an Asiatic, and a Pacific power. Potentially she is also an Atlantic power.

The area of Europe is 3,814,273 square miles. The area of the U.S.S.R. is 7,808,600 square miles. The population of Russia exceeds 140 million and is rapidly increasing. Her natural resources are, in relation to her population, inexhaustible. The failure of Russia's political and economic experiment has been on a scale as vast as Russia herself, but it is as absurd for anti-Communists to attribute this to her present form of government as for Communists to attribute her pre-war condition to the Czars or the Duma.

The size of Russia is such that no centralized government can possibly fail to be inefficient. Representative government does not exist in Russia today, but, if it did, it would work no better.

No Parliament of six or seven hundred men can "represent" an area twice the size of Europe, comprising every variety of race, creed and language. Democratic institutions demand a realized community of interest. They are most secure in countries which are small and densely populated and where all sections of the population are in constant communication with each other.

To operate efficiently even a purely political government of the Nineteenth Century pattern proved impossible for Russia. There is a geographical limit to the effective authority of government, as the British find in India. At a certain distance from the centre the "man on the spot" has to be given a free hand and has to use it ruthlessly. The attempt of a people inexperienced in administration and naturally intolerant of government to

exercise an economic dictatorship over the greater part of two continents was foredoomed to failure for geographical and mechanical reasons which are quite independent of economic and political theory.

The improvement of communications does not improve but impairs the long-range efficiency of government. This is usually misunderstood. The fact remains that England could neither have conquered nor retained her Indian Empire if modern communications had existed. Russia today can retain only a diminished authority by a policy of organized assassination. The reason, in analysis, is simple enough. When there is no realized and accepted community of interest and race, there is a natural centrifugal tendency at work.

We look at Russia from the wrong angle today, largely because the tyranny of the written word condemns us to think in terms which appear to possess the same values in each case but seldom correspond to the same reality. France is a nation state. Russia is not.

The important thing about Russia



Strange as it may seem, this picture of a water seller, mellow merchant and onlookers was taken in a part of Soviet Russia

is not the outcome of her economic experiments but her political future. How and when will some effective political equilibrium be found which will permit of the free and peaceful development of that vast undeveloped territory from the borders of Poland to Vladivostok, from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea and the gates of the Mediterranean?

PARADOXICALLY enough, it is the very small but real beginning of economic and social development which have taken place during the last twenty years which renders the economic experiment in Russia unimportant. As long as Russia was just an unorganized peasantry, the political problem of Russia could remain unsolved. Even the ruin of a world war failed to wake up the slumbering Titan. After a brief revolutionary nightmare, a new dictatorship succeeded the old, and with the firing squad in place of the knout (for the new dictators moved with the times) proceeded to attempt the task of governing a geographical experiment.

Both the old and the new dictators had their ideals. The Czarist ideal was for a village co-operative system, an ideal a good deal nearer fulfillment in 1916 than the present Bolshevik ideal of an urbanized Russia dominated by a proletarian bureaucracy, fed by a half "liquidated" peasantry performing their evolutions in accordance with the Moscow drill-book. The point about the Czarist ideal, however, was not that it was fairly near fulfillment, but that, insofar as it was fulfilled, it was antipolitical in its influence. A continent of self-supporting and self-governing villages was compatible with the Czarism. A continent of industrialized towns maintaining as a privileged class a class-conscious aristocracy of skilled laborers is incompatible with the dictatorship of a political clique over two continents.

What the world should be watching with anxiety is every slow and cumbersome step which Russia takes toward efficiency. Granted a continuance of inefficiency and corruption, a low standard of living and a continued struggle from one corner of this continent to the other for the barest existence, and the Russian political system may survive. Any substantial improvement in conditions must mean a crisis so grave, and over so vast an area, that its issue will affect every country in Europe. It is possible that this orgy of murder which we are witnessing today is the beginning of that crisis. It is more than probable that it is merely the normal reaction of a dic-

tatorship to unrest which cannot, owing to the speed of modern communications, be efficiently localized. The ultimate issue remains the same. If the present dictators persist in inefficient methods, some other dictatorship will come into power. The moment an efficient system is installed, the Russian Empire will fall to pieces.

Christianity is the most likely and powerful solvent of the Marxist system. The desire to know and love God is implanted in men. Persecution can prevent the service of God, but it cannot take away or fulfill the need for God. Yet religious tolerance is impossible in a state dedicated to Marxist materialism. Men who are spiritually free accept poverty but never slavery. They may be content to possess very little, but they will not be content to dedicate their whole lives to a secular state. Religion may be the opiate of the people inasmuch as men and women, happy in the knowledge of God, will accept less from their fellows than those to whom such happiness is denied. The Marxist system cannot, however, subsist on mere passivity. It needs men wholeheartedly pledged to its service. It needs, in short, to find in its citizens a quasi-religious impulse.

This impulse exhausts itself inevitably as the individual obtains from state worship and collective enterprise a rapidly diminishing return of gratification and fulfillment. It is at this point, evidently nearly reached in Russia today, that a return to the true religion may be expected. This development also will be hastened by every effective step taken towards efficiency, for each such step weakens the claim of the state to sacrifices from the individual.

THE GREATEST tragedy the Church could suffer would be a sudden collapse of the present system in Russia, plunging over a hundred million people back into the state where the day-to-day struggle for existence dominated their lives. Such a sudden collapse would be equally disastrous to the peace of Europe—for Western Europe, divided against itself, lacks altogether the power to localize the conflicts which would result.

These may seem strange conclusions. We cannot as Christians, nor as civilized citizens, wish anything but ill to the Marxist dictatorship which has committed crimes on a scale unknown in any other age, which has murdered hundreds of thousands of people, and forbidden the teaching of the true religion over a vast continent. Not content with

that, it has fomented anarchy outside its own boundaries and is at this very moment engaged in trying to wreck the peace of the world, and in so doing, to destroy Christian civilization. Our cardinal error was the smiling acceptance of Russia at the council tables of the world. In so doing, we have fortified the régime and struck a deadly blow at the integrity of our own civilization.

Publicly denying the validity of moral judgments on politics we find contempt for morality and religion spreading over Europe and America amid the indifference of that public opinion by which we have chosen to be ruled.

We should of course have insisted—we should insist—on the grant of full religious liberty as the condition of maintaining any relations—political, social or economic—with Russia. We should have raised the standard of Church builders against the Church burners, and have replied to Communist propaganda by Christian missionary enterprise. For this policy, during twenty years of a shameful persecution, not one voice has been raised in that Europe which was once Christian and which still calls itself so. And yet we wonder why the world is drifting towards war. We have succeeded only in destroying its essential foundation, which is the common service of God.

NO MATERIAL weapons can conquer the best part of two continents. Nothing but the reconversion of Russia to Christianity can save us from ultimate disaster. Given that, the peaceful dissolution of the Russian system is at least a possibility. Let us remember that its dissolution is in any case inevitable. Geography and history alike have determined that. The duty of Christianity is so to act that this dissolution, when it comes, may come about under the conditions most favorable for Christian civilization. These conditions require first that the system collapse through pressure from within rather than without, and secondly that its economic and political systems have been separated before the political régime collapses, and thirdly that a free and independent Church shall have been established before the moral authority of the Marxist régime has totally disappeared.

Only in this way can the world avoid the appalling consequences of economic ruin and moral anarchy spread across Europe and Asia. The contamination of such ruin would be too great even for a civilization as vigorous and faithful as Europe enjoyed in her springtime. It would involve us all in irreparable disaster.

Catholic Action in Georgia

By JOHN D. TOOMEY

SIX years before the pontificate of Pius XI—the Pope of Catholic Action—was inaugurated, the Catholic Laymen of Georgia had launched a project which now stands out as one of the most striking examples of what the laity can do in furthering the work of Christ.

About twenty-two years ago, the summit of religious intolerance in Georgia was reached. It was considered to be by far the most anti-Catholic state in the Union. In 1920, Thomas J. Watson, one of the most bitter and also the most paradoxical of all bigots, was to be elected to the United States Senate by his fellow-Georgians on the tide of religious intolerance. Watson, who had sent his daughter and later his grandsons to boarding-schools in Georgia conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, used the weapon of bigotry to gain his political prestige. Indeed, a man's chances of political success seemed to be proportionate to his anti-Catholicism. It was this condition of affairs that caused the passage of a state-convent inspection bill in 1916. And it was likewise this condition that brought about an organized Catholic resistance, namely, The Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia.

Confronted by intolerance on every side, The Laymen's Association was organized in Macon, Georgia, in 1916, in a state with a total Catholic population of less than twenty thousand, scattered throughout sixty thousand square miles of territory—an area larger than all New England except Connecticut—and among a population of three million—in other words, where there is one Catholic among every one hundred and fifty people. And eight years later, the editor of the National Catholic Welfare Conference Bulletin was able to assert that the Association had placed the Catholics of Georgia in a position where they are perhaps freer from attacks than in any other state in the Union. This was a long step to take in eight short years and indeed the statement is all the more true today.

But how was this accomplished? Did the laymen put on green hoods at night and with St. Patrick's aid hang all the white-hooded Ku Klux from the nearest pine trees? Perhaps Margaret Mitchell's blustering Ger-

ald O'Hara would have greatly enjoyed using such violent methods if prejudice had been so rife in his day. On the contrary, the methods used were far removed from what some readers of Watson's articles might have been led to expect. And they rather surprised those who had been influenced to believe in "hating Catholics for the love of God"—to use the phrase of the great convert, the late Bishop Curtis of Wilmington and Baltimore. The methods of the Laymen's Association are far different and much more effective than violence.

The Catholic Laymen's Association has for its motto "To bring about a friendlier feeling among Georgians irrespective of creed." For this was it founded, and this it has accomplished in the twenty-two years of its existence. It recognizes at once the root of all intolerance and bigotry, namely, ignorance. And for this, it supplies the only remedy, information, but information seasoned with charity. It answers intolerance with no hate, no satire, no revenge, but with the kindest respect and courtesy for all. In this, it adheres to the words of Pius X, spoken in a private audience to Father Doyle, the Paulist founder of the Apostolic Mission House in Washington: "Faith is not to be built upon the ruins of charity." The first principle of apologetics is to explain the doctrines and practices of the Church and never to attack anyone.

AS INDICATED by its name, the Association is composed of lay people and conducted from the lay person's viewpoint. Both men and women are members. Twelve hundred of Georgia's twenty thousand Catholics contribute an average of six dollars each annually to show their loyal membership in the organization. There is no fixed membership fee, but each contributes according to his means. There are no scheduled meetings except the general state convention which is held each year in a different city. The Association is organized for the most part along parish lines except in the larger cities where one local organization suffices for several parishes. The parish units hold meetings of their own whenever an occasion, such as an election of local officers

or some other local event demands it. The state officers are elected each year by the delegates at the general convention. This is the plan of the organization.

Now it is our aim to review briefly its methods of accomplishing its purpose of bringing about a friendlier feeling among Georgians.

The most important function of the Association is its maintenance of a publicity bureau, located in Augusta. Richard Reid, Laetare Medalist of 1936, is director of this bureau and editor of the Association's newspaper. This paper supplies Catholic news and information to the people of four states, since Florida and the two Carolinas have no Catholic paper of their own. And the South is not the only place where it is read, as subscribers are found all over the nation.

BUT HOW does *The Bulletin*, as this paper is called, bring about a friendlier feeling? First, it corrects ignorance in the minds of Catholics themselves by supplying them information about the Church and thereby gives them the means to explain Catholic doctrines to non-Catholics. When an attack is made on the Church, marked copies of *The Bulletin* are sent to those concerned explaining our position. Every newspaper editor in Georgia receives a free copy of each issue of the *Bulletin*.

Besides the task of publishing a newspaper, the publicity department of the Laymen's Association has to do much letter-writing. Many of these letters are written in reply to those who answer the advertisements inserted in the secular papers stating what Catholics do not believe and offering to explain to those interested what they do believe. Numerous hostile correspondents of former days are now kindly disposed towards the Church because of this phase of the Association's activities.

Needless to say, many of the letters written to the Association contain questions arising from the most prejudiced sort of intolerance. One inquirer specializing on questions about convents was not convinced of his mistaken ideas until he made a long trip to accept an invitation to visit a convent. But there are so many who write in who are honestly

seeking the truth about the Church that it makes one sad to know that the Church has been laboring so long under this veil of misunderstanding among such sincere souls as these.

Every question, no matter how absurd it may sound to Catholic ears, is answered with the utmost courtesy and kindness. But besides writing letters to these correspondents, the publicity bureau of the Laymen's Association writes letters of correction to editors of the Georgia secular press whenever a reference uncomplimentary to Catholics appears in one of their papers. The Association maintains a connection with a clipping bureau which sends into the office every reference to Catholics, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, appearing in the papers of the state. Every kindly comment is acknowledged with a letter of appreciation and every misrepresentation is answered with a courteous letter of correction.

ONE Georgia editor was obstinate about changing his attitude towards Catholics. Uncomplimentary references to them continued to appear in his paper, despite the fact that each time one appeared, he received a letter of correction from the Laymen's Association. After this had happened about ninety times, something complimentary appeared in his paper—whether through an oversight on his part or not, we don't know. But the Laymen's Association wrote him a letter of appreciation and he was so overcome and pleased by it that no further references against Catholics were printed by him.

Another obstinate editor didn't provide the Association with such an opportunity of flooring him with charity, so the publicity department of the Association sent marked copies of the *Bulletin* to his subscribers which contained a copy of the letters written him in refutation of charges against Catholics which had appeared in his paper. Naturally, he was more than confused by this procedure and did not leave himself open to such an exposure again. In 1916, when the Association was organized, these letters of correction averaged a hundred a week. Now, only one or two a month are needed, so free from anti-Catholicism has the Georgia press become.

Besides fighting bigotry and ignorance by means of personal letters, the Association also distributes free-of-charge pamphlets dealing with pertinent questions on the Church. More than three million such pamphlets have now been distributed

to interested non-Catholic readers. The Association has also placed sets of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* in several Georgia secular and non-Catholic colleges and universities.

These are activities particular to the publicity bureau of the Laymen's Association. But besides these, the Association sponsors retreats for men and women every year and also lends its support and takes an active part in all civic movements worthy of commendation.

So far, we have merely enumerated and explained the most important activities of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia. However, there are several characteristics of this organization's manner of conducting these activities which are worthy of notice. Perhaps the most striking is the personal note—the friendly, personal answer to inquirers and editors. The answers are never sarcastic nor funny. A friendlier feeling cannot be brought about by sarcasm. A sincere willingness to help others understand our Faith is evidenced by all activities of the Association.

Such is the spirit behind the Laymen's Association. As regards the cost of this work, it now averages about twelve thousand dollars a year. A third of this is met by the revenue obtained from the Association's newspaper in advertisements and subscriptions. The remaining eight thousand come from the contributions of the members. Of course, at the start, the cost was much higher because of the greater amount of work to be done at the time. At least six thousand dollars were spent in a successful effort to stop just one man's attacks on the Church. It's a good thing all were not so obdurate as he.

THE RESULTS of this work are manifold. As has been previously pointed out, the attacks against Catholics have almost ceased to exist in the secular press of Georgia. The Ku Klux have practically disbanded. Their former national headquarters in Atlanta was bought last year by the Catholic Bishop of Savannah-Atlanta for his Atlanta residence. It is now being used as church and rectory while the new co-cathedral of the diocese is being erected next door.

Many conversions have been brought about by the activities of the Association. In fact, the figures show that there is an average of two hundred converts a year for the state, in which the Catholic population is twenty thousand. One large representative Eastern diocese of a million Catholics averages only a thousand

converts annually. This gives Georgia an average of ten times more converts annually than the Eastern diocese in proportion to the Catholic population. And the Laymen's Association is responsible in a good measure for this.

The election year of 1928 was a great test of what results it had accomplished. To be sure, some outbursts of bigotry occurred. But despite this, many a "Hoover-Democrat" was surprised to find on election night that Al Smith had carried Georgia, which he naturally should have done, being a Democrat, but which many expected him not to do, since he was a Catholic. However, throughout the election campaign, the Laymen's Association refrained from political activity. What it did fight against was misrepresentation of the Church. But it took no political sides.

BUT the greatest result is the achievement of the prime purpose of the Association, namely, that of "bringing about a friendlier feeling among Georgians irrespective of creed." That this friendlier feeling exists is proven in the results just mentioned. That it exists is proven by the friendliness and courtesy extended by non-Catholics to our priests and nuns throughout the state. That it exists is proven further by the good-fellowship existing in the daily contacts of Catholics and non-Catholics. And that this friendlier feeling shall continue to exist, the Laymen's Association continues its work. It has accomplished much and more will be done in the years that lie ahead.

The author has not written with a view merely to praise the work of the Georgia laymen, but has intended also to demonstrate the set-up of this organization—its methods, activities, and results—so that others may see that what has been done in Georgia can be done also in their own localities by a similar group of laymen. And it is certain that there are many states in need of such an organization.

At present, the Laymen's Association of Georgia is the only one of its kind in the United States, although the Narberth Movement is closely akin to it. True, many phases of its activity are taken care of by other organizations in various dioceses, but there is still a great need for similar organizations in the majority of them. The Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia invites and is worthy of imitation. It is an excellent way for Catholic laymen to answer the Holy Father's call to Catholic Action.

Mexico's Future Catholicism

Reflections of An American Resident of Mexico on the Church's Future in That Country Where It Has Been So Long Persecuted

By RANDALL POND

THIS article bears a pretentious title, but the title, I hope, is the only pretentious thing about it. Here I do not intend to write a scholarly treatise on what is to become of Mexican Catholicism; I wish merely to record some observations of the present, intermingled with memories of the past, in order to show my readers what the future may bring to this country I have come to love so well.

A short time ago I had the pleasure of escorting an old college chum about Mexico and its environs. Since he is a priest and a student of Latin American culture, the things we saw and did together were doubly interesting. First of all, we went to my parish church to make arrangements for Father to say Mass. My pastor was overjoyed to have an American priest at his church and everything was arranged within a few minutes. Father vested immediately and we marched out to face his first Mexican congregation.

It was just an ordinary Mass to most people, but the two of us observed things to talk about later. One was the slight variation in ritual which we were expected to observe, for instance, the lighting of a candle at the *Sanctus*. This was kept burning until after the Communion and was carried by the server while holding the paten for the Communion to the faithful.

There was nothing particularly adventurous in this. Why, then, should I bring it in as having anything to do with the future of Mexican Catholicism? Well, first there was the congregation, which Father felt was as devout and pious as any he had ever beheld. Second—and most important—was the age of the priests who minister to the spiritual needs of that one Mexican parish. On Sundays, approximately twenty Masses are said; on week days, Masses average about nine. There are innumerable sick calls, marriages, baptisms, catechism lessons, meetings of the newly formed Catholic Action groups—all devolving on a group of men who, with one exception, are between fifty and sixty years of age.

Here is one of the most important problems the Church in Mexico faces

—the lack of large numbers of young, energetic priests to succeed the overworked, harassed older men who have known more than a quarter of a century of revolution, war, and persecution. Montezuma Seminary will help greatly, but the three hundred students now preparing is not a sufficient answer to the needs of at least fourteen million Catholics. The elderly men are courageous, saintly, prodigious workers. Will the next generation see their equal?

A few days later, Father and I went to visit the cathedral. Outwardly it is a grand church; but we remarked on the barren, stripped appearance presented by an edifice that once had few equals in the universe for the richness of its adornments and the solemnity of its ceremonies. Archbishop Martinez was confirming the faithful on the day we made our visit.

WHAT does the word "Confirmation" bring to your mind? Altars filled with flowers, little girls in white, little boys in blue serge, an impressive group of ecclesiastical figures hovering about the Bishop who is to officiate. Was that what we saw in Mexico? No. The kindly, aging, spare-faced man who today directs the persecuted Church of his fathers stood before a magnificent altar; but few candles burned, and there was but one priest on each side of him to aid in the tremendous task at hand. At the epistle side of the communion rail, a sign read "*Mujeres*"; so for half the length of that vast building a line of women stood or sat, holding girl children in their arms. The gospel side indicated that "*Hombres*" should find their place in the line there, and that file equalled in bulk and extent that of the women. The men or the boy children they accompanied were being confirmed when we arrived.

Imagine the sadness of such an occasion. There stood the obviously tired Archbishop, his arms rising and falling in continuous motion. All about was the hubbub of moving bodies, the crying of children, the hush-hushing of parents. To this has the holy Sacrament of Confirmation descended in Mexico. Little

or no instruction, small ceremony, nothing of the dignity and grandeur that make it stand out in the minds of most American Catholics. We wondered, as we turned away, if the faith of our countrymen could stand such rude buffetings from a stupid and ignorant government. And we wondered, too, how many confirmations that cathedral would see ten years from now.

Since Father was anxious to see as much of the remains of old Mexican ecclesiastical life as he could possibly glimpse in a week, we began with a visit to Churubusco, a Franciscan foundation. Churubusco is well preserved and it must have been a magnificent place in its heyday. I was startled to see the *North American Review*, 1910, nestling contentedly among the ancient tomes in Latin and Spanish which filled the library walls. "All of these books are not from colonial times," I remarked to a guide who walks through with groups of visitors. "No," he replied, "many of them are from the seminary of Morelia." Does the remark need any extension to carry its weight for the theme I am developing here?

One of our trips took us to El Desierto de Los Leones, founded by the Carmelites in 1606. High in the mountains to the southwest of the city the fathers of Mount Carmel built a monastic retreat from the world. They cultivated a garden, filled it with flowers and trees and shrubs, and made it truly a retreat from the life of their times. What is it today?

THE CRUMBLING WALLS and gaping windows of what was a house of God are streaked with grime; weeds grow in the cracked masonry and moss clings to cells and chapels and recreation rooms. Smart young men and women from the capital have pencilled their names and silly sentiments all over the once-sacred walls. The quiet of a country place, built for the contemplation of the Infinite, is broken by the raucous cries of picnic parties, of "proletarian" children, of people who are being told that one day they will belong to "a society without classes."

Father was sad as we drove away from El Desierto. And then, before I knew it, I discovered that I had taken another road down the mountains. As we drove we discussed the passing of the Carmelites, who were dispersed by the savage laws of the Reform, never to return to their abode in the pine-fringed mountains. Some minutes later, the twin towers of a small gray church loomed over a peak to our left and we came to a side road where a sign read "San Pedro Cuajimalpa." Down the steep road we went, and after some twisting and turning arrived in front of what was obviously an ancient church which was in the process of being replastered. From within we could hear the sound of voices reciting prayers.

THE INTERIOR was medium-sized and neatly ornamented. As we entered a priest came out before the altar and began to recite a litany. Those assembled responded, and then we saw that we had come upon a late afternoon benediction service. At the climax, the priest took the ciborium from the tabernacle and blessed the faithful. Then I asked Father if he'd like to go in and meet the priest. He assented and we were soon chatting with a man of about thirty-five—tall, lean, and evidently more Indian in blood than white. He was an earnest young man, but displayed a good sense of humor. I asked him a thousand questions and translated his answers for Father. The church, we learned, had originally been a mission station, served by Carmelites from El Desierto. In time, people began to cluster around it and the present substantial structure was erected some three hundred years ago. The pastor showed us several baptismal entries for the years 1720 to 1740.

And so two hours passed. When we left that young man standing at the door of his church we went away with a different feeling from the one that had smote our hearts after seeing the Archbishop confirming in the cathedral, after our visit to Churubusco and after the mournful pilgrimage to El Desierto. The pastor had told us that he had just received a postcard from one of the village boys—a seminarian at Montezuma Seminary in Las Vegas, New Mexico. If God would grant vocations in a town as small as this, there was still hope!

On another day we sped to Amecameca, shadowed by the domes of those mighty volcanoes, Ixtacihuatl and Popocateptl. We climbed the Sacromonte, visited the cave of Martín de Valencia, the saintly Franciscan who led his ten brethren into Mexico City in 1526. From the



The Tepozotlán—One of Mexico's First Missions

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

bare little church atop the mountain we looked out across the valley and saw how well Friar Martin had chosen his place of last repose. Here, near the eternal snow, it must have been easy for him to have contemplated the eternity of the Almighty.

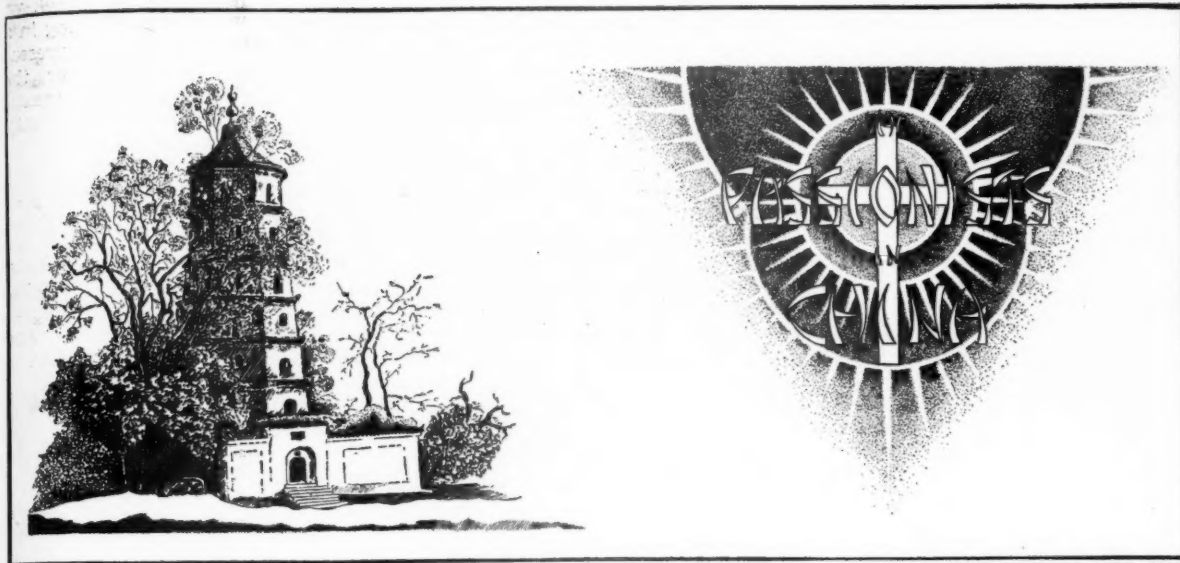
Cuernavaca brought us the breathtaking beauty of a tropical climate. On our visit to the old Franciscan cathedral begun in 1529, we saw another Bishop, unattended by even a single priest, confirming several members of his flock. Not even the viciously anti-clerical murals of Diego Rivera, proudly displayed on the walls of the ancient palace of Cortéz, could efface the picture of a quiet little man rolling out Latin phrases to a small group of faithful.

Back in Mexico, we spent a day in making what I called a three-ply trip. First we visited the monastery and church of San Agustín Acolman, begun in 1539 by the Augustinian Friars. Gaunt and bare it is now, the mighty church swept clean of all but the most rudimentary elements of Christian worship. We climbed the bell tower to the roof and looked out over the peace and quiet of the valley, which lies north of the capital. It was not difficult for us, soaked in the history of colonial times, to imagine what this place must have been like in its prime. "Can we," I asked my friend, "hope for some Mexican Buckfast Abbeys? Or must we be condemned to weep over the ruins of one of the brightest chap-

ters in Catholic Church history?"

I took Father the next day to see what is to me one of the most marvelous ecclesiastical structures ever built. It is the old seminary of the Jesuits at Tepozotlán. From the outside, only the doors and façade of the main church are impressive in carvings; but within, the mind is staggered at the intricacies of the carvings on the altars, all of them overlaid with gold leaf. In the central valley I have two favorite spots—the volcanoes and Tepozotlán. One is God-made, the other man-made.

But you ask, what of the future of the Church in Mexico? I seem to have lost the theme. But it is there somewhere. It runs through that group of parish priests, almost all of them past fifty; through the tired Archbishop and his flock; Churubusco and its lovely garden and seminary-robbd library; El Desierto and the retreat-loving Carmelites; the young priest and the heritage that his little church has brought him; the volcanoes and the saintly Franciscan; Cuernavaca and the unattended Bishop; Acolman, and its glassless windows, staring sightlessly out over the valley; the defeated pyramids; the shrine of Guadalupe; and the great seminary of the Jesuits. The Bishops, the young priest, Guadalupe and the faithful parish priests give hope for the future in a land that has seen the defeat of many idols, both of stone and of flesh.



JOACHIM BECKES, C.P., WUKI, HUNAN

Crisis in the East

By A RETURNED MISSIONARY

WITH China and Japan locked in an undeclared war across a great arena of conflict stretching from the sandy plains of the Gobi Desert to the coolie-jammed wharves of Canton, the Far East comes nearer and nearer to the interest of the whole civilized world.

There is another war, a declared war, which is ever being waged over a far larger front, a conflict extending in time from the Cross of Calvary to the final coming of the Son of Man in the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead. It is the bitter struggle of light against darkness, the struggle of Christianity against paganism, the holy and sacred crusade against the powers of sin and error; and sad to relate this divine conflict does not command the attention and the interest of the Catholic world at large.

In fact since the writer's return to the United States, after years of labor in the foreign vineyard of the Lord, the queries voiced by many have this discouraging and un-Christian note: "Is not mission work useless work?" "Could not the missionary priest and Sister be employed at home to greater advantage?" "Is not the great expenditure so much wasted treasure?"

To these and like questions one must at once give the following an-

swer: Wherever on earth there is a human soul there also is a mission field for the Church important enough to make her bridge long distances, suffer untold hardships, even warranting on the part of her ministers the risk of life itself. To speak of mission work is to speak about the value of the soul. The missionary activity of the Church best shows the valuation she places upon the soul. The world no longer knows this value and consequently has lost the proper appreciation of the human soul and hence has no realization of the absolute necessity of the missionary apostolate.

The human soul, wherever it may dwell, irrespective of the complexion and contour of the body it animates, is and remains the image and likeness of God, ransomed not with gold or silver, not by the pains and sacrifice of the missionary but ransomed by the Passion and Death of Christ the Eternal Son of God. The magnanimous command of Christ, the Apostle Divine, "to go into the entire world and preach the gospel to every creature" indicates clearly that the first and most sacred duty of the Church is this very thing—"to go and preach," to obtain the conversion of all, a cause for which the Church must always combine the work of the missions with the ordi-

nary care of faithful souls at home.

The Catholic Church alone has her divine mission of leading all men along the road of salvation. Neither Protestant missionaries, nor those sent by other dissenting and separate creeds have this divine command and authority "to go, preach and baptize." Truth is but one, and the Catholic Church is the sole depository of Truth. The forces outside the Catholic Church that are zealously laboring for the conquest of the souls of infidels demand, on the part of the Church Militant, a greater and more intense mission activity. During the past centuries the dangers arising from Protestant evangelization in foreign fields could be discounted.

TODAY it is another story. Formerly the missionaries of China battled to subdue the triad of Chinese belief: Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism. Today, aside from combating this three-headed monster, the modern apostle must grapple with the multiple, blood-sucking tentacles of the false "isms" spreading from the Reformation. He must also fight the materialism and modernism begotten of our corrupt civilization, a neo-paganism more pagan than ancient China itself.

How many souls all these agencies

are winning to their false standard! Certainly the danger from the apostolate of untruth in foreign fields is great, much greater than is generally believed, and is sufficient answer to the why and wherefore of the re-animated missionary spirit of the Church today.

All students of the mission problem, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, agree in attaching the greatest importance to the present temporal regeneration.

In China we are witnessing a great crisis. The sounds of the victorious arms of neighboring nations have awakened that vast empire from its sleep of four thousand years.

With the fervor of new ideas a great national spirit is arising and being developed. The contacts made with Western civilization are having profound effects upon people and land.

The future of the Catholic Faith in China will depend much upon the position which the Church will occupy in the day when, having learned as much as they can from Western culture and progress, these people will declare themselves free and independent. This infidel world is not walking but running headlong towards a new future. Consider that every step a pagan nation makes towards a modern civilization without God is a menace, an obstacle to

realization of the Kingdom of God on Earth. With eyes open to the present condition of the world, we must realize that we are living in a most important epoch. This present century will decide whether the Eastern World shall, for the greater part become Catholic, or fall victim to new cults of modern "culture."

For this reason it is more urgent now than ever that an active missionary zeal, ardent and widespread be developed. Our idea about the missionary life of the Church should show what we think of Christ, His Kingdom on Earth, His Church—One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic. And cooperation is the best of proofs.

Chinese Children

By THE SISTERS OF CHARITY

THOUGH hating an enemy, men pity his children even in war, and are quickest to condemn crimes committed against them. For childhood is wonderfully attractive everywhere, and its loveliest attributes are the common heritage of all the children of all the world. That's an axiom accepted by most of us without question. But really to understand and feel its truth, we must cheerfully sacrifice our own race and civilization, and devote ourselves to the little ones of an alien religion and culture.

And why "cheerfully sacrifice"? Because the cheerful giver is less apt to cast regretful glances at the past and more apt to seize readily the treasures at hand. Contrast stimulates as comparison cannot. And it is the contrast between tiny Spring Blossom Chang and some remembered little girl back home that first stirs, interests, and delights us. Soon, however, we find ourselves loving Spring Blossom as, perhaps, we have never loved a white child. Hasn't Spring Blossom cost us a price? And we wonder what has become of the differences that once beckoned us; for we see now only likeness, and each fresh likeness to the youngsters we once knew endears Spring Blossom the more to us.

At the moment of writing, we Sisters of Charity have under our direct care more than two hundred Chinese children. These are distributed as follows: Forty-four orphans, whom we feed and clothe and educate; twenty-two boarders, fifteen of whom are students, the rest workers;

and a grade school (five grades) registration of one hundred eighty, said registration including twenty-three of our orphans and ten of our boarders.

These figures prove that Chinese parents are honoring us with their confidence, an honor that we cannot

overestimate, viewing it (as we do) in the clear knowledge that they themselves carefully safeguard a daughter from babyhood till wifehood, when she passes into the keeping of her husband's family. But we are not dwelling on statistics, intriguing though they be; nor, yet, on the elders of Spring Blossom. Instead, we want to interest you in some typical Chinese youngsters—those for whom Spring Blossom stands as a happy symbol.

Combining with playfulness an intelligence that is both diverting and winning, they are as mischievous as monkeys. Take, for instance, our Mary Magdalen Luei. Three years old, with lively eyes set aslant and the smallest nose in all Christendom and heathendom combined, she has a decided talent for attracting attention to herself. One day, feeling the need of affection, she complained to one of the Sisters, "I knocked my hand, and it hurts!" Sister examined the hand, found it unmarked, kissed it, and told the youngster to toddle along.

Apparently, Mary Magdalen liked her medicine, for she went to the same Sister, with a different pain, on each of the three days following. Then, on about the fifth day, she sidled up to Sister accompanied by a bodyguard of four other three-year-olds. "Sister," she began, her face deeply troubled, "I have a headache." Meantime, one of the bodyguard had been tugging at Sister's habit. She turned to the insistent little tugger, and this is what the young one lisped, "She's fooling you.



This Hunanese orphan is a bit shy as he faces the camera

She has no headache. She told us your medicine is always a kiss. We said she lied. So, she told us to come along and see!"

THE informer in the case is notorious among her small companions for tale-bearing. Mary Vianney Kao is her name; and she calls every priest "Big Brother," every nun, "Big Sister." Since she sees us all as kin, perhaps the underlying motive in that young mind is the conviction that the elders should know what's going on in the home. Anyway, Mary Vianney treasures her family ties, and was evidently cherished in her own family circle. For, when she first came to us, this was her frequent threat to all and sundry, "Hit me, and I'll tell my blind brother on you!" . . . or . . . "Hit me, and I'll get my lame brother after you!"

Interested and amused, the older girls asked pointed questions and learned that the blind boy was wont daily to carry his pretty little sister on his back until the lame one returned from school; then, the lame brother would play with her until bedtime. Both brothers loved the baby; and, when their father gave her to the Mission, they told her to call them if anyone were unkind to her. Hence, her warnings, more anticipatory than necessary! We've said that Mary Vianney is pretty. She's more than pretty. She's actually beautiful; with large, wide open black eyes, and perfect features.

Without Mary Vianney's good looks, but peppery and quick-witted, is Mary Josephine Tang. She's the tiniest thing on two feet, wiry, lively, pock-marked, and the source of most of the mischief in our compound. One day, she took the other four babies, all taller and heavier than herself, up the steep ladder leading to the attic, where they held a parade with the school drums—precious equipment, the envy of other schools and not to be purchased hereabouts. Wherever there are tears, look for Mary Josephine. She pushes the slow, and smacks the offending; then stands guilt-stricken, her face flushed and her two arms swinging self-consciously. She fears nothing, loves high perches, is as quick in her affections as she is in her smiles, and has a voice of startling depth and volume. But who is Mary Josephine? A foundling, without so much as a name. We ourselves assigned her to the Tang clan.

Mary Lazare Peng, another foundling, is the fourth of our three-year-old quintette. She is a chubby, heavy-lidded tot with shy, lazy ways, and skin tinted like old ivory. Still

uncertain on her feet, she is the idol of all the older children, who have nicknamed her "Fat-Fat," and who promise to spoil her. It is this youngster's pretty baby ways that are her charm. Her first clever speech has yet to be recorded. She never bestirs herself to play. When she does move from necessity, she waddles like a little duck and ambulates with less than a duck's grace. But, it's "Fat-Fat" this, and "Fat-Fat" that! Every girl in the Mission runs to pick her up and hug her; whereupon, Mary Lazare rolls an indolent eye, and smiles a wavery little smile . . . and the crowd of youthful on-lookers chuckle with delight!

And then there is Mary Helena Hsie, a perfect little lady, dainty and prim. No hard, dirty games for her; and nothing in her behavior to irk the most fastidious Celestial of the old school. She has a lovely little face, whose only animation is a moth-like eyebrow raised in surprise or displeasure. All day long, she sits in the midst of her companions, watching their play, listening to their chatter; with them, but not of them. "Melancholy little sister Hsie" is what the others call her. She's not melancholy, however; just quiet, and a bit slow of reflex. One day, when Mary Josephine emptied a fistful of ashes into her immacu-

late lap, Mary Helena ran amuck. She lifted her brows, emptied the ashes out of her dress, slowly raised her right arm and whispered softly: "I'll hit you, but don't tell anyone!" . . . then looked her disappointment when she slapped the empty air and found Mary Josephine among the missing.

MARY MAGDALEN, Mary Vianney, Mary Josephine, Mary Lazare, Mary Helena—names redolent of the happy anachronism of a Faith that recalls to the present Saints separated in life by long centuries; names indicative of the taste of those American Catholics who make possible a child's ransom from paganism. Though we have under our care more than two hundred Chinese children, we've shown you in detail only five three-year-olds, little girls with their whole lives before them.

But why?

Because such youngsters are typical of the innocent childhood you all know, the hope of the Church, the seed of future generations, the potential makers of history. Baby girls though they now are, helpless and sweet, we must tremble before their possibilities. And it is our task to mould them for God and for China. Won't you help us?

It is not pleasant for us to be always begging, but we are sure you do not object to it. After all, you cannot know our needs unless we describe them. We realize that we assume a responsibility in taking over these children in orphanages and schools. But without such means of contact we cannot bring souls into the knowledge of our holy Faith. It is impossible for us to turn them away when we see them in such distress and when so many of them are actually eager for the truth.

God's Providence will not fail us, of this we are sure. But it does seem part of His Providence that we are able to picture for you our wants. Your response, especially at this time when the war has increased prices so enormously, will be sincerely appreciated. Promptness may mean much to some soul over here.

Added to the usual demands on us is the presence of the wounded from the front lines. These victims of the fierce fighting are being brought westward to our district in great numbers. The struggle China is putting up is a costly one. We must do our share to alleviate the sufferings of these men. In ministering to their physical needs we shall have many occasions to help them spiritually. Our harvest should be great.



Sturdy and happy are the children in charge of the Sisters

Sister Josepha's Homecoming

By JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P.

NOT so very long ago the Christians of Liu Lin Cha Mission had the rare privilege of entertaining one of their own villagers who has devoted her life to God. I could scarcely believe it was true when a number of the Christians came running to tell me that a Sister, who looked like their own Bernarda Wang, had reached this little river town by boat from Lichow. Lichow, by the way, is the residence of the Augustinian Bishop whose Vicariate embraces Northeastern Hunan. Most of our readers know that the Vicariate in which the Passionists are laboring covers the Northwestern section of Hunan province.

Whilst Sister Josepha, as she is now known, is not residing in our district we welcomed her as one of our few native Sisters from this territory. As a child she was known as Wang Yui Cheng. Her parents, at their baptism, took the names of Rusticus and Monica. Their little girl, who was received into the Church at the age of twelve, became Bernarda. Two of her brothers are still living, and are already grandfathers. Her father is dead these many years. Monica, her mother, has been ill. It was because of her sickness and advanced age that Sister Josepha was permitted to make the visit to her home village. Monica, however, is not the oldest survivor in the clan. Her

mother-in-law, Clara, is well over eighty and has lived to see the fifth generation.

But to go back to our visitor. After her baptism she had studied so well at the Augustinian Mission in Changteh that, when only sixteen, she was acting as temporary catechist at Hofu. Later she became the women's catechist at Shenchow (now Yüanling). This position she held for eleven years. About 1925 she left for a trip to Lichow in the hope of entering the convent there, since there was no novitiate at the time in our district. She discovered that there was none at Lichow. So impressed with her were the Sisters, however, that they decided to take her as their first postulant.

The years intervening before her profession were troubled ones. Communism had thrown the country into chaos, and Hunan was not the least of the disturbed areas. Nor did conditions improve in the years immediately after she had taken her vows. On one occasion she had to escape by a hurried walk of twenty miles. In 1934 she just missed being captured by the Communists. The bus following the one in which she was riding was seized and its occupants made prisoners. Last year her mother was in danger of death, but she recovered before word reached Sister Josepha. Sister's brother, Augustine,

entered the seminary. He died, at the age of twenty-four, as a sub-deacon.

NEEDLESS to say there was great joy in this Mission at her visit. At the gold mines, where many of her relatives live, she met old Clara. The latter insisted on being carried in a sedan chair over the mountains so that she might talk with the distinguished guest. Sister's stay in this vicinity resulted in much good. There was one old lady especially with whom we were having a difficult time. Sister spoke to her and prepared her. Now the old lady is a regular penitent. We pray that God will bless the Vicariate with many native vocations. Naturally native Sisters and native priests appeal strongly to their own. Increasing vocations will mean increasing conversions.

I am happy to report that I had about twenty adult baptisms for Christmas, and that I hope to have fifty before the end of this year. War or no war, we must keep at our work. To be sure, we are not in the battle zone, but we cannot but feel the effects of the terrible struggle which is still going on. The drain on the man power, the finances, the morale of the country is far-reaching. Prices are soaring. From other sections of the Vicariate come reports of the bandits who are plying their trade.



Left: Sr. Mary Josepha, Augustinian Sister, a native of the Passionist Mission of Liu Lin Cha. Above: Five generations of the Wang family are represented in this gathering which came to welcome Sister. Right: Fr. Jeremiah McNamara, C.P., pastor of Liu Lin Cha, with Sr. Mary Josepha and her mother, Monica.



Lungtan, Supu, Fenghwang and the whole Mayang valley are affected by these lawless bands who have taken occasion of their country's distress to harass the people. Perhaps, in the absence of the regular troops, the country folk themselves will eventually find a way to put a stop to this banditry.

We are hoping that conditions will not become worse. We ask our friends not to fail us in this hour of need. We ask for more prayers for peace, and for more help for our material wants. Unless we are forced out, we shall continue at our posts. This is one more trial. But, with God's help,

we have weathered many other storms. This one too will pass over. I should like to remind our readers that, though we suffer, these good people to whose spiritual welfare we are devoting our lives, suffer still more. Few of them make the headlines. They live and labor and die unknown to the world. But they know pain and poverty and heartache. It does not make their anguish less that they are not vocal.

They are God's children, just as truly as we are. In a real sense we are all our brother's keepers. If in the grace of Faith and the abundance of this life's goods we have no

thought of those less fortunate, surely our Divine Lord will ask a reckoning. Those who are really good do not clutch their treasures with a miser's grasp. They give freely and gladly, and in so doing they become like Christ. Selfishness brings its own punishment of a hardened heart, as generosity holds its own reward of joy and peace. I am sure, however, that it is not merely with the thought of recompense that our Catholics give to the missions. They see in their afflicted and needy fellow-men the image of their Maker. It is in His name that we beg for your help. Please do not fail us.

We Attend a Fire

By REGINALD ARLISS, C.P.

DARKNESS had descended upon Yüanling. All was peaceful and quiet. Homes and shops had closed their doors against the cold breezes of the night. It was the time when men smoked their long-stemmed pipes and sat with their families around the open fire for their evening rest. Young and old chatted about the extraordinary and commonplace events of the day. Yes, and they jested and laughed, for although the Chinese in these parts are intimately acquainted with sorrow and suffering, they do not let this fact deprive them of the light-hearted humor so characteristic of their race.

Outside of, and facing the south wall of the city, a long row of shabby little shops lies squat on the narrow river road. Some of the stores, on that evening, were still open, displaying their wares to latecomers who wished to buy food for the morrow. In one of these dingy old shops there sat a little white-bearded man, Mr. Ching, busily working at his trade. He was engaged in making oil paper.

Over seventy summers ago he had been cradled in Yüanling, and had lived within its confines ever since. Fortune was a rare visitor in the life of Mr. Ching. The cruel hand of death had already snatched away his wife and children, and on that very night was pointing a fatal finger at the old fellow himself.

The day had been a busy one and the morrow would be just as busy, if not more so. Accordingly Mr. Ching worked long overtime that evening. His heart was glad, and he sang as he dipped sheet after sheet of



Lu Colette whose wedding was described in the February number by the Sisters of St. Joseph

paper into the cauldron of boiling oil that stood over an intensely hot fire in the middle of the floor. In order to give to the oil a better consistency, the old man threw into the vat a lump of resin. Whether the oil was too hot or the quantity of resin too large I do not know, but when liquid and solid came into contact the flames made a mad leap to the ceiling. Unfortunately the wall paper—old, dry, and hanging in shreds, caught fire. Presently the whole ceiling was a mass of flaming red. The old man tried to check the fast-spreading fire, but the task was too much for him. By the time the angry flames made their way to the place where the paper hung in rows to dry, the fire was beyond control.

What would Mr. Ching do now? "Ah," thought he, "at least I can save my treasure." Quickly he shuffled to the rear of the store. But how disappointed he was to find his bed enshrouded in furious roaring flames. In that bed he had hidden his whole life's savings—almost one hundred silver dollars. This goodly sum the old man had set aside to insure himself a respectable burial. As he dallied there the flames lost no time. They leaped madly at him from all sides, scorching and burning his oil-stained clothes, until he himself was a bundle of fire.

At this juncture, a band of soldiers came to the rescue. They snatched the old fellow to safety, tore off his burning clothes, and rushed him to the military headquarters located nearby. On his way to the Soldiers' Home the old merchant, barely able to speak, managed to tell one of his friends to rescue the silver and give it to him on his return. But it looked as though the return was not to come. The military men stood at the bedside of Mr. Ching and shook their heads. Friends came to see him and went away with tear-dimmed eyes. The patient had been burned almost beyond recognition.

WHEN the embers had cooled, a small pile of black-charred silver coins had been found where the old man's bed had stood. The silver was ready to serve its purpose. On the following morning, the body of Mr. Ching was dressed and laid in a coffin. A pagan priest came and performed his manifold superstitious rites over the corpse. Friends, too,



Sickness adds to the many problems of the Sisters of Charity in Hunan

came to beseech the gods to forgive the transgressions that Mr. Ching might have committed during this life, and to grant him peace and happiness with his forefathers in the great beyond. The body was then borne by dear ones up the hill outside the north gate, and there laid to rest. Indeed a pathetic ending for the old man.

HAD the tragedy ended there it would have been pitiful. But the flames were not satisfied in devouring the old merchant's shop; they greedily leaped to other quarters, until they surrounded and reduced to ashes ten of the adjoining homes. Unfortunately the winds were very busy that evening and fanned the flames into a mad fury. One circumstance proved favorable, however. The burning area, though spacious enough, had been hemmed in by three high walls. Had it not been for these barriers, the wind would have carried sparks far and wide, and the whole city might have become the victim of the flames.

When the fire was at its fiercest, the front door bell of the Mission rang. Father Marcellus and I answered it and heard a loud voice calling to us to come out and look at the sky. Father Michael had come up from the seminary to give a warning. A vivid red sky at night is sometimes deceptive—that is, it leads one to believe that the fire is nearer than it really is. This evening we feared the Mission might be endangered. At any rate we decided to investigate quickly. On inquiring, we found

that the scene of the flames was several hundred yards away. Father Marcellus and I, newcomers in Yüanling at the time, had yet to witness a large fire in the interior of China. We were therefore eager to get as close a glimpse as possible. After we had gone a few paces along the road leading to the blazing area, soldiers forbade us to advance any further. We then turned back and hastily followed the winding path along the river bank that led to the spot.

At the scene of the fire we were touched by the pathetic sights that lay before us. Whole families were stranded on the river bank, dressed in scanty clothing, and guarding the few household furnishings that they were able to rescue from the flaming buildings. Little children huddled about their mothers, looking through weeping eyes on the blazing timbers that, an hour ago, they had called their home.

Neighbors from the immediate district, partly from a motive of charity, partly to save their homes, banded together to combat the flames. Coolies—there were long lines of them—rushed from the river to the flames and back again with buckets hanging from poles slung over their shoulders. Men and women ran about frantically shouting, but knowing not what they were saying. Feverish excitement prevailed all about. All the efforts of the water carriers, however, proved of little avail. The water they threw at the flames reached no higher than ten or twelve feet.

In the midst of this most serious spectacle, one had to smile at the men who worked on the primitive apparatus. There were two or three water-pumping machines—each one attached to a bucket of water. Down went the handle, and up again. This continued until the bucket was empty, when a coolie would hasten to refill it. At each pump of the small machine it was necessary for two or three men to expend all their energy. Their efforts were repaid by a small stream of water spouting no higher than twenty feet. On went the flames, devouring everything in their way. As we stood there and watched, we thought of the contrast between firefighting here and in America. There were no huge engines, no hook and ladders. There were no high power water pumps, no fire-extinguishing chemicals, no life-saving apparatus. All was extremely primitive.

When the flames had reduced the houses to a mere network of red beams, we three decided to return home. Once more we passed the

crowd of unfortunate victims of the fire. But pity was not lacking among the townspeople. One army officer and many friends donated a considerable sum of money which provided the refugees with temporary living quarters, food and clothing. When we arrived at the central gate of the city we found it locked. We thereupon went to the south gate and found it guarded by soldiers who had received strict orders to allow no one to enter on any condition. The reason for these orders was that the authorities feared that the bandits—they were not far away—would secretly enter the city among the crowd and do their devilish work. There we were, the three of us, jostling among the crowd. All the talking and arguing with the soldiers was of no avail.

AFTER waiting half an hour we had visions of sleeping under the dome of the starry sky. Presently one of our friends came and offered us lodging for the night. We thanked him and told him that we preferred to wait and see how events would turn out. It then happened that an old lady standing inside of the gate caught sight of us. Father Michael signaled to her to go to the Mission and tell Father Quentin that we were stranded outside. In due time the soldiers signalled to the three of us to enter.

Father Marcellus and I closed our eyes in sleep that night wondering at the way men fight their destructive fires in the interior of China. Indeed it was difficult too for us to forget the pathetic sight of the homeless standing on the river bank, watching the last vestige of their homes sinking in dying embers.



Smiles for those to whom they owe their support and, in some cases, their very lives. It is for children such as these that the Sisters of Charity at Yüanling plead in their article, "Chinese Children"

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

AMERICAN WEALTH

• *"Industry and Commerce" quotes a foreign source for the following information concerning the United States:*

The United States contains 6 per cent of the world's area and 7 per cent of its population. It normally consumes 48 per cent of the world's coffee, 53 per cent of its tin, 56 per cent of its rubber, 21 per cent of its sugar, 72 per cent of its silk, 36 per cent of its coal, 42 per cent of its pig iron, 47 per cent of its copper, and 69 per cent of its crude petroleum.

The United States operates 60 per cent of the world's telephone and telegraph facilities, owns 80 per cent of the motor cars in use, operates 33 per cent of the railroads. It produces 70 per cent of the oil, 60 per cent of the wheat and cotton, 50 per cent of the copper and pig iron, and 40 per cent of the lead and coal output of the globe.

The United States possesses almost \$11,000,000,000 in gold, or nearly half of the world's monetary metal. It has two-thirds of civilization's banking resources. The purchasing power of the population is greater than that of 500,000,000 people in Europe and much larger than that of the more than a billion Asiatics.

Responsible leadership which cannot translate such a bulging economy into assured prosperity is destitute of capacity. But pompous statesmen, looking over the estate, solemnly declare that the methods by which it was created are all wrong, ought to be abandoned, must be discarded, that the time has come to substitute political management for individual initiative and supervision.

MOST AMUSING ANECDOTE

• *"The Catholic Bookman" for December 1937 informs its readers that Sister Mary James of Mount St. Mary's College, Milwaukee, Wis., won the tenth annual contest of the International Mark Twain Society for the best anecdote dealing with an author, either living or dead. Here it is:*

One day during the World War, when G. K. Chesterton, who was a huge man weighing over 350 pounds, was walking along Fleet Street, London, he was accosted by a fanatic woman who asked indignantly: "Why aren't you at the front, Mr. Chesterton?" "Madam," replied Chesterton, "if you will go around to the side and look at me you'll see that I am out at the front."

ACCEPTING THE TRUTH

• *The charity of a brilliant mind is reflected in Etienne Gilson's most recent work, "The Unity of Philosophical Experience." While his criticism of systems of thought is marked by a kind understanding, he does not hesitate to make pertinent observations. Here is one:*

There is an ethical problem at the root of our philosophical difficulties; for men are most anxious to find truth, but very reluctant to accept it. We do not like to

be cornered by rational evidence, and even when truth is there, in its impersonal and commanding objectivity, our greatest difficulty still remains; it is for me to bow to it in spite of the fact that it is not exclusively mine, for you to accept it though it cannot be exclusively yours. In short, finding out truth is not so hard; what is hard is not to run away from truth once we have found it. . . . The greatest among philosophers are those who do no flinch in the presence of truth, but welcome it with the simple words: yes, Amen.

AUSTRIAN SHERLOCK HOLMES

• *The efficiency of Austrian espionage during the war is illustrated by the following incident related by Hugh Wilson in his new book, "The Education of a Diplomat":*

I particularly remember a visit of Princess Daisy of Fless. She was lovely to look at and of boisterous and contagious humor. After she had been in Alice's room a few minutes she said, as if in sudden recollection, "Oh, I have forgotten my little man." She went to the door. I opened it for her and saw a shabby little middle-aged man with a drooping moustache and a derby on the back of his head. He was seated quietly on a trunk with his hands folded and looked rather like Mr. Milquetoast in the cartoons. She said, "Now I am going to be here until 7:30." The little man rose, doffed his derby, bowed, and with a "Danke, Hoheit," shuffled down the corridor. Returning to the room, Princess Daisy explained; "You see, I am an English woman, married to a German. On both counts I am under suspicion by the Vienna police. So they have assigned a little spy to see where I go and whom I visit. At first he used to hide behind lamp-posts and try to be invisible. But I felt so sorry for him that I have now made a sort of partnership with him by which I undertake not to lose him and to tell him always how long I will stay anywhere so he can wait comfortably in a Café. But remembering him is quite a responsibility." Another and striking example of the value of the espionage system!

RENEWAL OF CATHOLIC ENERGY

• *Our Dublin contemporary, "The Cross," Passionist monthly, quotes the following from an address delivered by M. Pierre Termier, President of the French Geological Society, at the Congress of Catholic Students' Federation:*

Be proud to belong to the Church which is so denied, so criticized, so maligned, so ferociously attacked, the object of so much underhand and violent persecution, and which continues her way in the midst of insults, unmoved, indefatigable, with her eyes lifted to the sky, and on her lips the continuous murmur of psalms and hymns. She was thought dead, but she is more alive than ever.

Writers and thinkers among the greatest, poets among the purest, artists among the most exalted, and scientists among the boldest bow their heads to her in humble salutation, and some of them who have found

their paths by feeling along in the darkest shadows and who have come back from long journeys, as soon as they set foot on the parvis of her temples, fall to their knees and weep.

Your groups so numerous and so active are but a manifestation of that renewal of Catholic energy which is so touching to all humanity. Thirty years ago they would have been impossible; today they appear quite natural; tomorrow they will set a rule for the world and then the truth which men who did not realize what they were doing have torn away from the masses of the people, from the workers, from the poor, from those whom Christ most loved in the course of His terrestrial sojourn—the truth will be restored to all our brothers, to the most lowly as well as the most gifted.

GOING TO HOLLYWOOD

• **SOME** good advice to those with Hollywood inclinations is given by Mary Knight in her recently published book, *"On My Own"*:

Thus ended my personal experience as "Extra Girl" in the movies. My advice to anyone with a yen to crash the movies is to stay where you are. Keep on being a good stenographer, looking like a million dollars; keep your hair waved and your uniform neat and trim and wear your best manners every day if you run a downtown elevator for a living; if you pick cotton, plough potatoes, or just look beautiful at social functions, keep on picking, ploughing, and looking beautiful and the movie bloodhounds may find you some day. They're out for new types and personalities—that *aren't* out for them. Hundreds of gorgeous girls are serving food at Hollywood drive-ins; hundreds of handsome and ambitious boys lucky to get a job at a gasoline station. They can sing and dance, and make funny faces too—with little more than a cup of coffee and a piece of bread separating their stomachs from their backbones. The only clothes some of them have are the uniforms that come with the job.

ON DINING OUT

• **RONALD RICHINGS**, writing in *"G. K.'s Weekly,"* complains of some of the defects of dining out, especially in England:

It is better to stay at home.

As a result of dining out there are many sad reflections to haunt quiet evenings by one's own fireside: the joke that failed, the ill-timed comment on a controversial subject, the epigram that fell flat. Some dinner parties require too much living up to, and others require too much living down.

Gastronomically they are usually failures. If the food is good, good manners demand frugality; if it is bad, convention makes us martyrs, for we must pretend to enjoy it, vitiate our palates and, later, endure the horrors of indigestion.

"It is not now as it hath been of yore." Once upon a time when one was invited to dinner, one was expected to dine. Now the meal is but a formal prelude to an evening's card playing or shuffling round a crowded drawing room to the tune of a gramophone record. Conversation is dead, and there is no good wine (in other people's houses) to resuscitate it. You are not permitted even to praise the viands or the wine—unless they are so execrable that lack of comment would be

eloquent criticism. I know of an American visitor to an English nobleman's house who will never be invited again: the butler politely asked her if she would "take some more" of a delicacy at dinner, to which she answered, "Yes, lots." An Italian I once met suffered from too much restraint: at his first dinner-party in England he declined every proffered dish, expecting his host to press him to change his mind, in which case he would have helped himself liberally, but his refusals were politely ignored, and only at the end of the meal did virtuous forbearance yield to rapacious hunger—he seized some fruit and, still famished, hurried away to dine alone in a restaurant and brood over the callous bad manners of the English.

THE BOOK TO THE READER

• **THE** following quotation appeared in a book found on the book shelf of an open-air library in Valladolid, Spain. It was copied from the book *"Old Spain"* with drawings by Muirhead Bone and description, etc. by Gertrude Bone. The book *"Old Spain"* was exhibited in the foyer of Widener Library, Harvard University, as one of the best British books for 1937:

I have come to you confiding in your culture and I am helpless in your hands. Receive me as a friend and see that on returning me to the bookshelves from which I came out to communicate my spirit to you, I carry a good recollection of your treatment.

All who turn my pages will thank you for it and you will deserve the censure of all if you do not respond to the gifts which I offer to your heart and your brain, granting me your affection and respecting my feebleness.

PROPAGANDA IN GERMANY

• **IF** THE German people believe what they are told by the government-controlled newspapers and radio—their only sources of information—then they must believe the following, according to Otto Tolischus in the *"New York Times"*:

That Marshal von Blomberg and Colonel General von Fritsch resigned on account of "weakened health"; that Blomberg's marriage had nothing to do with his going; that there is no conflict between the army and the party but only perfect comradeship; that the shake-up in the army command and the retirement of fifteen generals were due entirely to the desire for rejuvenation of the army command as in America and England.

That the reorganization of the German Government was merely a normal process for the purpose of concentrating national strength to preserve the peace of Europe against the machinations of Jews, Bolsheviks, Free Masons and their satellites in the half-bolshevized democracies.

That Foreign Secretary Eden was forced out of the British cabinet because he became the leader of an incipient Popular Front in Britain which agitated for war against Germany and Italy.

That Hitler and Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria reached a perfectly amicable accord wholly voluntary on both sides for "a German peace in Austria which would protect Austrian National Socialists, who already form an overwhelming majority of the Austrian population against Marxist, Clerical, Jewish and Hapsburg Persecution."

That the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia are being exterminated by Czech hatred and must be rescued, if necessary by German arms.

That Germany, Italy and Japan have joined hands to rescue world civilization, which is slipping from the decadent hands of the democracies into the maw of Bolshevism.

That the decent world has only admiration for Chancellor Adolph Hitler.

That, finally, Germany is the most modern democracy, where 99 per cent of the people are for the present régime, that Germany is the only really prosperous country in a world devastated by hunger, war and unemployment; that there is perfect religious liberty in the land, except where the clergy interferes with politics.

STUDENTS' TURN TO LAUGH

• **STUDENT boners**, one of the joys of teaching, have been frequently collected and printed for public amusement. Mistakes in English, in history, in foreign languages have sometimes been so absurd that they have been lifted for gag-lines in stage plays. Last week, however, it was the students' turn to laugh. From the "New York Times":

A report was made to the Board of Education on examinations for licenses to teach English in New York's high schools. Only college graduates took the test. Henry Levy of the board declared that the results disclosed "a general deficiency in the field of English" and an "inability to use fluent and correct English."

Candidates had trouble in spelling such words as dirigible, irascible, signatories, amortize, fricassee, etc. Many could not define abbreviations so common as pp. (pages) or viz. (namely). Worst of all was the failure to use words correctly. Mr. Levy cited many boners in this regard, among them:

Don't be so redolent, say it.

A mentor fell from the sky last week.

Indigent matter cannot be eaten without serious consequences.

Beautiful martinets were displayed in the window.

The dead man had wished to be cremated, and the increment scattered to the winds.

COMFORTABLE EXCUSES

• **Food for serious consideration** is supplied by the articles in the attractive tenth anniversary number of "The Preservation of the Faith." Fr. McSorley, C.S.P. strikes at the excuses with which laziness is defended:

No one but God can tell just how far each one's influence will extend nor how long it will last. We shall have no right to profess ourselves surprised and startled if, when the day of reckoning comes, we are held guilty for not having done that little which we were able to do. To say that it seemed not worth the doing, will be a lame and invalid excuse. One must keep in mind what our Lord said about "despising little things."

How easy we find it to enumerate the mistakes of those who are sacrificing themselves for a good cause. How simple it is to snub the unwelcome suggestion of conscience by saying "Everybody else is doing it," or "Nobody else is doing it." How comfortable we are, if we can persuade ourselves that idealism is vanished, that the great danger is over-zeal and fanaticism, and that

our Lord did not really mean what He said with regard to such deeds as those enumerated in the list of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Many are found to abuse the Communists, or on the other hand, to criticize those who make mistakes in their attempt to practice the virtue of charity. But few there are, who, in the spirit of St. Francis, undertake to live out the implications of the New Testament. It is a truism to affirm that if Christians were to adjust their economic and commercial activity to the principle of stewardship as preached and lived by Jesus, there would be no call for Communism and little for paganism in this twentieth century world.

MONK ANCESTOR OF PRINCE BERNHARD

• **AN item** in "The Catholic Times" of London has the following interesting note concerning an ancestor of Prince Bernhard, husband of Princess Juliana of Holland:

Te Deums were sung in Catholic churches throughout Holland on the announcement of the birth of Princess Juliana's daughter. Many Masses were offered for the Princess' welfare before the event.

Practically half of Holland's population—45 per cent—is Catholic, and the Catholics joined wholeheartedly in the national celebrations of joy.

Prince Bernhard, Juliana's husband, is a direct descendant of Bernhard II Zur Lippe, O.Cist., first bishop of Selonia, Germany. Bernhard II was a knight at the time of Barbarossa. He married in 1174 and became the father of eleven children. Three of them became Bishops—at Utrecht, Paderborn and Bremen, and four daughters became Abbesses.

When his wife died in 1198 he became a Cistercian monk, and in 1218 he was consecrated a Bishop by his own son, Bishop Otto of Utrecht.

The present Orange-Nassau dynasty in Holland have no more loyal supporters than the Catholics. Neither the founder of the dynasty nor any of his descendants to the present day are regarded as persecutors of Catholics. Oppression of Catholics in the past was perpetrated by the Calvinists without the knowledge of the members of the Orange dynasty, or against their will. King William II, great-grandfather of Princess Juliana, took the lead in the emancipation of Dutch Catholics.

WITH THE PASSING TIME

• **FROM the "Liguorian"** we take the following. It represents a son expressing his opinions of his parents:

At eleven years: "My parents are grand. They know simply everything."

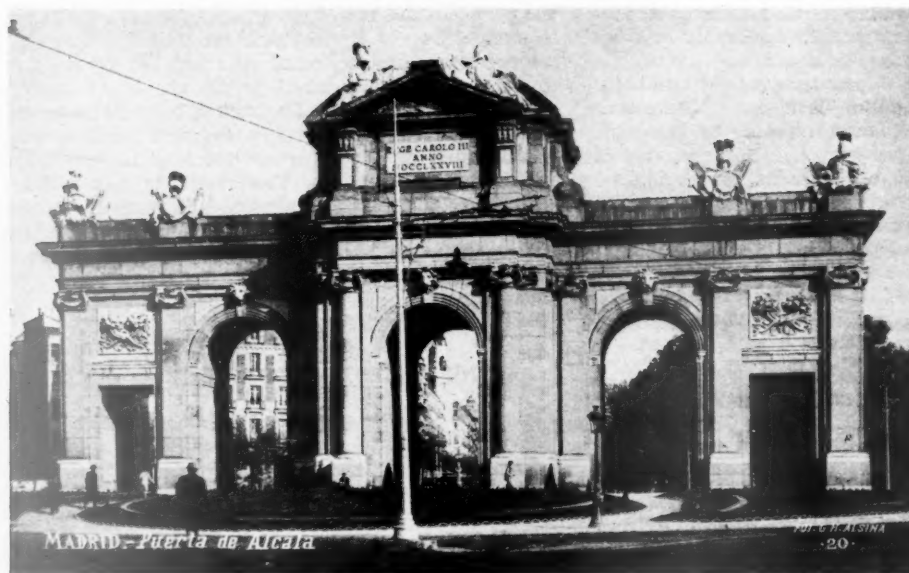
At sixteen: "Really and truly my parents are not quite so grand as I used to think. They don't know everything."

At nineteen: "Although my parents think they are always right, they know very little compared with what I know already."

At twenty-two: "My parents do not understand young people; they have nothing in common with the younger generation."

At thirty: "To tell the truth, my parents were right in many things."

At fifty: "My parents were wonderful people. They had a clear mind and always did the necessary thing at the right moment. My beloved parents."



To the left is Madrid's famous arch in Independence Square. It was erected in 1778 and was once a gate leading into the city of Madrid. It still bears marks of Napoleon's cannon fire from the year 1808. Compare picture of this same gate appearing on the next page

World Revolution's Objective

By JOHN E. KELLY

COMMUNISM is definitely on the defensive in Europe today. Paradoxically therein lies increased danger to the United States.

Competent military observers regard the issue in Spain as settled; barring an unforeseen catastrophe the Nationalist Armies should sweep the last Red resistance over the frontiers in a short time. The effort of Moscow and the French Popular Front to force Communism on the Spanish people has failed; there are reverberations throughout Europe, even within the charnel house walls of the "Workers' Paradise." Communism cannot build on failure; like a desperate gambler, it must "pyramid" its winnings, depend on continuous success in new endeavors to hold its present thralls in submission.

The recent move of the Valencia "government" to its third resting place at Barcelona was as much due to lack of confidence in the loyalty of its allies, the mixture of Anarchists and Socialists, Communists, and Trotskyites who make up the Catalan Generalidad, as to a desire to be nearer France and safety when the inevitable collapse comes. The Catalans have shown little desire to confront the Nationalists in the field. Apart from holding the line on the Aragon front and an orgy of massacre and church burnings at the outset of the civil war, they have bided their time. It is currently be-

lieved in Europe that when the Reds next meet a major defeat, the Catalans will sue for a separate peace. That would end the war, for deprived of their land route to France, the "people's government" will collapse.

The attitude of the Catalan populace is represented by a story popular in Barcelona. His business ruined by the war, a Catalan threw himself before a street car. The motorman stopped just in time, dragged the would-be suicide from the tracks and said: "If you must kill yourself, don't muss up my car doing it. Go down to the barracks of the C. N. T. (Anarchist Labor Federation) and cry 'Viva Franco!' They'll accommodate you." The wretch did as directed. The guard rushed out. "Shush," they whispered, "not so loud. We're not sure of the janitor."

In France the Alice-in-Wonderland financial policies of Léon Blum and the Communist-led Popular Front, pandering to the radical workers, have brought the small land-owner proprietors to the point of exasperation. Further devaluation of the franc looms as an imminent probability. Additional confiscation of his savings by such methods may drive Michel to forcible ejection of the radical ministers and a government of the extreme right that would crush Communism by means of a military rule.

France seethes with unrest, with

plots. In the southwestern departments along the Bay of Biscay and the Spanish frontier, elements supporting the popular front have resorted to mass terrorism of Rightist citizens in an effort to maintain their ascendancy. Assaults in full view of the police bring no official interference. Nor is the external situation comforting to the radical government of France. Anti-Communist nations with armies and navies exceeding in might and morale that under the Tri-color, cut France off from her allies in Eastern Europe.

IN POLAND efforts of the Quai d'Orsay to detach Poles from their understanding with Germany and re-cement the post-war alliance unfortunately coincided with greatly increased OGPU activity within Polish borders and a series of Communist-inspired strikes; the alliance remains in a state of dusty desuetude. Czecho-Slovakia, whose military alliance with Soviet Russia makes her willy-nilly the Communist spearhead in Western Europe, and whose military, economic and political policies are inspired by Paris or Moscow, finds herself in a difficult position as a result of the strengthening of anti-Communist sentiment in the shelter of the Rome-Berlin axis. On his recent visit to Prague, Yvon Delbos, French Foreign Minister, felt constrained to counsel his allies to

grant concessions to the Germanic minority population and to refrain from boasting of their Soviet alliance, lest it provoke a Fascist attack while the Red Army of Russia is disorganized.

THE STRONG Rightist governments of Turkey and Portugal, with views of Communism in action just across their frontiers, shelter no radicals; Yugoslavia both through fear of Russia and by economic necessity is veering toward the anti-Communist bloc; Hungary and Rumania may follow suit. French diplomacy, working desperately to offset this, is hamstrung by the bloody feuds raging in Moscow.

While the Red grip on Russia appears unchanged, the factional quarrels that rend the ruling clique leave the Red Army temporarily at least powerless for a sortie beyond Russian borders. Hence the passive acceptance of Japan's invasion of China. The best-informed observers in Europe lay the quarrels among the Red chiefs to the determination of the seven Kaganovich brothers, who through their nephew (by marriage) Stalin and Voroshilov, War Commissar, rule the Soviet Union, to eliminate any of the surviving Old Bolsheviks, (companions of Lenin) who might some day challenge their rule.

To the coronation of George VI, Russia sent the cruiser *Marat*. In accordance with the custom prevail-

ing in the ships of other navies, the captain gave his crew shore leave to see London. Returning to the Worker's Paradise, he and thirty-eight officers and men were summarily shot, for having exposed Russian sailors to the poisons of democracy. How does all this affect the United States? No one who has studied Communism, or the acts of its leaders, or who has even read the American press, can doubt that the ultimate objective of the world revolution is the conquest of the United States. Lenin so stated openly and it has been repeated from the platforms of the Comintern and the Third International *ad nauseam*. Originally Lenin postulated progress through the world in the following order: Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, Cuba, Mexico, France, the United States. From time to time the detail of the order of conquest has been varied, but the sovietization of our country was invariably the climax. Karl Radek and other Red spokesmen have said frequently that they would exchange the world for the United States. The more they are forced onto the defensive in Europe, the greater effort they make here.

Fantastic? So said the uninformed Spaniards of 1932, when already the Communist machine was boring at high speed beneath their feet. The Russian "Liberal" government of Alexander Kerensky fell beneath the determined assault of 79,000 Bolshe-

viks: the Communist Party of the United States, section of the Third International, counts upon two million followers and affiliates, led by the fifty thousand card-holding Party members. The Red movement in the United States is now presumably self-supporting; informed observers place its domestic income at close to six million dollars annually.

Could they win? Presumably not, if their attempt be made in the near future, although there is no informed and militant traditionalist American movement to offset and outflank the Red intrusion. The great mass of the American people would instinctively reject so alien a philosophy, sugar coated though it may be by unworthy educators, orators and publications.

ACROSS the path to Red domination stands the obstacle of the Catholic Church in America, which cannot be captured by Red intellectualism, cannot be converted into an indifferent by-stander in any conflict involving American freedom. But that, given the right combination of circumstances, extreme business depression, national catastrophe, public loss of confidence in governmental credit, they will make the effort for which they are preparing, there can be, unhappily, no doubt.

What are we, as Americans, going to do about it?

The picture at the right of Madrid's arch in Independence Square was taken on November 7th, 1937, a day of Communist celebration throughout Red Spain. This photograph appeared in an organ of the International Brigades published in English in Madrid on November 15th, 1937. It offers convincing evidence of the glorification of Communist leaders in so-called Loyalist Spain



PENINSULAR NEWS SERVICE

Your
Grief



And
Christ's

† By WILBUR UNDERWOOD †

Woodcut by James Reid

Does pain or blinding grief or fierce tormenting,
The final woe, the worst that fate can do
Assail your flesh or soul? Then most remember
Christ suffered, too.

Do those you thought your friends desert you, fail you?
Is kindness with ingratitude repaid?
Do even your own beloved prove false, betray you?
He was betrayed.

Do burning tears fall from you, crushed and stricken
In vigil that beside your dead is kept?
Read in the gospel where these words are written:
"And Jesus wept."

Do some sore stripes unjustly bruise your body?
Sharp arrows sting you in the battle's surge?
Does life inflict rough blows that you deserve not?
He felt the scourge.

Must you make some hard choice, renunciation?
Do doubts engulf you in a darkening flood?
Is cup of sacrifice held up for drinking?
He sweated blood.

Do scorn, contempt and ridicule pour on you
And stabbing words by spite and hatred bred?
Remember, soldiers mocked Him, spat upon Him,
Thorns pierced His head.

O little man, what are your little troubles
Your every grief and wound, your every loss?
Christ knew all agony, the sum of anguish,
Gethsemane, the Cross.

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS + ANSWERS + LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Christianity in England: Continuity in Church of England

When was Christianity first introduced into England and by whom? Is there any truth in the statement that a religion existed in England prior to the time of Henry VIII, which was Christian but not Roman Catholic? In other words, can the present Church of England trace its origin back prior to the reign of Henry VIII?—W. L. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

When and by whom Christianity (which in this matter means the Holy, Catholic, Roman and Apostolic Church) was first introduced into England is obscure. Tertullian in the Second Century testified that Christianity had already penetrated regions of Britain which the Roman legions had not reached, and during the persecution of Diocletian (284 A. D.) there were martyrs of the Faith there. It is certain that three British bishops were present at the Synod of Arles (France) in A. D. 314 and signed its decrees, which indicate that the Church in Britain was already organized and in touch with the rest of the Church.

The Christian Church in England was united in the faith of and obedience to the Roman Pontiff until the schism begun by Henry VIII and consummated by Queen Elizabeth, his illegitimate daughter. That Henry was a Catholic, and a Roman one at that, is clear from the title, Defender of the Faith, which the Pope bestowed upon him for his defense of Catholic doctrine against Martin Luther; a title, by the way, which the Kings of England have used ever since, though it has lost its original meaning. The Church of England, therefore, that is the "Church by Law Established" cannot trace its history further back than the schism under Henry VIII. To maintain that the "Church by Law Established" is continuous with the historic Catholic Church of England before the schism is to cherish an illusion.

Reparation for Attempted Marriage

In the case of a mixed marriage performed outside the Catholic Church, what steps does the Catholic party have to take to be received back into the Church?—UTICA, N. Y.

Catholics who attempt to marry anyone outside the Church violate a grave prohibition of the Church and are subject to excommunication. When one who has attempted this is moved to repentance and wishes to make

reparation, he should go to confession and make a thorough manifestation of his sins. The confessor will obtain the necessary faculties to absolve him, in case the penitent has contracted the excommunication, and inflict the penance to be performed in order to repair the scandal. If conditions warrant, arrangements may be made to have the marriage performed according to the Catholic rite. It is well to know that most of the Church's penalties are medicinal; they aim not so much to punish the crime, but to move the delinquent to seek for pardon. Once contumacy is removed, the Church will generously receive the sinner to communion with all its rights and privileges.

Blood Relationship

What is the third degree of blood relationship? Are third cousins in the third degree?—BOSTON, MASS.

Blood relationship is computed by lines and degrees. Lines of blood relationship designate the manner in which persons descend from the common ancestor and degrees indicate the distance from him. In the direct line persons descend from one another; in the indirect or collateral line they do not descend from one another, but all have a common ancestor. The direct line may roughly be compared to the trunk of a tree and the indirect line to the branches. Thus, brother and sister, first cousins and second cousins, etc., are all related to one common progenitor. Brother and sister are related in the first degree of the indirect line, first cousins (children of brother and sister) in the second degree, and second cousins in the third degree. Third cousins are therefore in the fourth degree of the indirect line. The present Canon Law restricts marriage to the third degree, not as formerly to the fourth degree.

Impediment of Consanguinity

Is there any reason given in the Scriptures for the prohibition of marriages within the third degree of kinship? If not, what is the origin of this restriction?—A. B., NEW CASTLE, PA.

The law of Moses commanded Israelites to marry within their own tribe and kindred (Num. 36:7, 8) but at the same time it forbade any man to "approach her that is near of kin." It specified that marriage was prohibited between parents or grandparents and their children or grandchildren, between brothers and sis-

ters, aunts and nephews, father-in-law and daughter-in-law, brother-in-law and sister-in-law (Lev. 18:6-20). The reason implied in these prohibitions was indecency, on account of the close blood relationship or of affinity. Marriage between cousins was not forbidden in the Mosaic law, nor in the New Testament. The Church in the beginning accepted the provisions of the Mosaic law and also the Germanic law based on the Roman Law, which forbade marriages between relatives. Prior to the Code of Canon Law (1918) the impediment in the indirect line extended to the fourth degree of relationship (third cousins), but since the Code went into effect it has been restricted to the third degree or second cousins. The Church's prohibition of marriages to the third degree in the indirect line is based on physical, moral and social reasons. Inbreeding is prejudicial to health, the possibility of consanguinous marriages is a danger to chastity, and close marriages prevent the multiplications of relationships and therefore a wider extension of friendship and charity.

Ministers of Matrimony

Who is the minister of the Sacrament of Matrimony? I have heard that the persons who are being married are the ordinary ministers. Is this true?—P. J. S., SALEM, MASS.

The contracting parties are the ministers of the Sacrament of Matrimony. Every sacrament consists of matter and form. The matter of the Sacrament of Matrimony is the mutual giving of the right over their bodies for the primary purpose of marriage, which is the propagation of children. The form is the mutual acceptance of this gift. An authorized priest and at least two witnesses are required for the validity of Catholic marriages by virtue of the Canon Law, but neither the priest nor the witnesses are the ministers of the Sacrament. Their presence is a safeguard, as the witness of a notary public is required by civil law for the validity of contracts. (*This Is Christian Marriage*, p. 9).

Spaniards and Abstinence: Why Married Priests in Eastern Catholic Churches?

(1) Some months ago you stated that the Friday law of abstinence is universal, but a Catholic Cuban informed me that all Spanish-speaking countries are exempt from this law. Was such a dispensation ever granted to these countries, and, if so, for what reason; and is it still in effect? (2) Why was it that marriage for the clergy of the Eastern Catholic Church came to be permitted?—C. R., CHICAGO, ILL.; H. A. S. WOLLASTON, MASS.

(1) The faithful of Spain and of countries subject to Spain enjoy special privileges in regard to the law of fast and abstinence. These privileges are among the many which are contained in a famous Papal Bull, called *Bulla Cruciatæ*, or Bull of the Crusades. In the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, when Spain fought against the Moors, the Holy See granted many favors to those who helped the crusade "by arms or alms." These favors were renewed by succeeding Pontiffs, the last being Benedict XV in 1915. In order to enjoy the privileges of this Bull, it is necessary that the Bull be applied for and "assumed" by the individual and the suitable alms given. The alms are graduated according to the various classes of society. The poor pay about one *peseta* (20 cents), whereas the rich have been known to contribute the sum

of fifty dollars. The privileges of the Bull are good for one year and must be renewed at expiration. The "Summary" of fast and abstinence is as follows: abstinence only is restricted to the Fridays of the Ember Days of Pentecost, September and Advent; fast and abstinence to the seven Fridays of Lent and the three vigils of Pentecost. Assumption of the Blessed Virgin and Christmas; fast only to the seven Wednesday and Saturdays of Lent. You will see from the above that Spanish Catholics are not dispensed from abstinence on all Fridays. This privilege may be used outside Spain, *provided its use will not give scandal*. It seems that the privileges of the *Bulla Cruciatæ* are enjoyed, not only by Catholics of Spain and its dominions, but also by Catholics of countries which were once, but are no longer subject to Spain, as Cuba and Mexico.

(2) The Oriental or Eastern Catholic Churches never followed the discipline of the Latin Church in the matter of clerical celibacy, and the Roman Pontiffs never insisted that they do so. In other words, the former part of the Church enjoyed and still enjoys a kind of autonomy in regard to rites and customs which do not affect the essentials of faith or discipline.

Clerical Celibacy Not Universal in Catholic Church

I am a Greek Catholic, but a fellow-worker who is a Latin Catholic said that I could not be a real Catholic because in the Catholic Church priests are not allowed to marry, as they are in the Greek Catholic Church. Will you please explain this for his benefit?—B. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Clerical celibacy, or the obligation not to marry and to practice perfect chastity, which clerics in Sacred Orders in the Catholic Church of the Latin or Roman Rite freely take upon themselves, is not universal in the Catholic Church. It must be remembered that there is more than one Rite in the Catholic Church. These Rites may for convenience' sake be divided into the Latin Rite and the Catholic Eastern Rites. All the faithful belonging to these Rites are equally Catholic. They all believe in the same doctrines, participate in the same Sacraments, and are all equally subject to the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff and their Bishops. Many of what are called the Catholic Eastern or Oriental Rites allow married men to become priests. Aspirants to the priesthood in the latter Rites marry before they are ordained priests, but it is important to note that in no Catholic Rite do priests marry; that is, take wives after they become priests. When the wife of a priest of an Oriental Catholic Rite dies, he is not allowed to marry again. The Bishops, however, of these latter Rites must all be single or at least widowers and as a rule are drawn from the monastic clergy. There have been instances of Eastern Catholic Rites adopting the Latin discipline in regard to celibacy. Many Catholics are confused about this matter. It is necessary to point out that clerical celibacy is not a matter of divine law but of ecclesiastical discipline. The Eastern Catholic Rites have a different discipline from the Roman Rite, but they are as true Catholics as any others. We recommend a five-cent pamphlet entitled *Eastern Catholics* by W. L. Scott, which may be obtained from The International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Those who wish to study the matter more thoroughly will find *The Catholic Eastern Churches* by Donald Attwater very interesting and reliable. Price \$3.00, net.

Marriage Between Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic or Russian Orthodox

(1) *Is there a difference between the Roman Catholic Church and the Greek Catholic Church, and between the former and the Russian Orthodox Church? If so, what is the difference? (2) If a Catholic marries a non-Catholic in a Russian Orthodox Church, is such a marriage recognized by the Roman Catholic Church? (3) Would a marriage be recognized between a Roman Catholic and a Greek Catholic?*—M. E., WESTFIELD, N. J.

(1) The Roman Catholic and the Greek Catholic Church are alike in essentials but unlike in accidentals. They have the same faith, participate in the same Sacraments and are subject to the same ecclesiastical authority; that is, the Roman Pontiff and the sacred hierarchy. They differ as to rite; that is, they use different language and ceremonies in performing the sacred liturgy. The Russian Orthodox Church is a schismatic Church; that is, it refuses union with the members of the Catholic Church and withdraws itself from the spiritual authority of the Roman Pontiff. The same is to be said of all Orthodox Churches. They were once united with the Roman Church but later withdrew their obedience from the Pope and severed their union with Catholic Christians. All Oriental Rites which use the name "Catholic" are Uniates—that is, in union with the Pope and Roman Catholic Church. All Rites which call themselves "Orthodox" are in schism.

(2) Catholics of the Roman Rite are obliged under pain of invalidity to marry before an authorized Bishop or priest (or their delegates) and two witnesses. For lawfulness it is required to be married before their proper Pastor. The Pastor of the bride is preferred in Canon Law. Hence, a marriage between a Roman Catholic and a non-Catholic in a Russian Orthodox Church is invalid on account of lack of proper form. It might also be invalid for another reason, if the non-Catholic were unbaptized.

(3) Roman Catholics may marry Greek Catholics, but it is necessary to observe the form of marriage prescribed for Roman Catholics, as given above. (Canon 1099).

Jesus Preaching in the Temple

Will you kindly explain why under Jewish law Our Lord was allowed to preach in the temple in Jerusalem? Was this privilege open to all and could not the priests prevent Him?—J. J. L., LOUISVILLE, KY.

We must not think that Jesus preached in the temple in the formal manner we are acquainted with in Christian churches. His manner of preaching and teaching was informal. He spoke of the Kingdom of God wherever and whenever there were men and women who were disposed to listen.

It was customary among the Jews to discuss religious questions in the outer court of the temple in Jerusalem, as well as in the public squares, at banquets and other places. Hence, it was not considered unlawful for Jesus to speak there, even by the priests, though they questioned His authority to drive the money changers from the temple area. There was also a custom among the Jews to allow others besides the chief of the synagogues to read the Scriptures and comment upon them for the edification of the people. This happened in the synagogue at Nazareth, when Jesus was handed the roll and read from it the prophecy of Isaiah and said, "This day is fulfilled the Scriptures in your ears." (Luke 4:16-30).

Polygamy in Old Testament: Marlborough Annulment

(1) *Somewhere I read that after the Deluge the Church allowed men to practice polygamy, in order to accelerate the propagation of the race. Is this true? (2) How could the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have their marriage annulled, when they had lived together for years and had children?*—T. B. H., BROOKLINE, MASS.

(1) According to Prümmer (*Theol. Mor.* 111, n. 660) the common opinion in this matter seems to be that the dispensation to have more than one wife was not conceded by God until after the Deluge, but nothing certain can be said about it. But that polygamy was practiced in the Old Testament is true, as the Bible testifies. But this concession was revoked by our Blessed Lord, Who restored matrimony to its original monogamous character (Matt. 19:5 *et seq.*) for all.

(2) This marriage was entered into because of grave fear, which was inflicted to extort consent. Such a consent is invalid according to Canon Law. What is invalid in the beginning does not become valid in the course of time, except a new act of consent is made, after realizing that the first was invalid. This was never done. Spiritual disharmony began in a very short time and continued until the end. The Roman Rota merely pronounced sentence according to the facts presented by the parties and witnesses.

Holy Water and Demons

I understand that when a person applies holy water to his body the demons flee. Presuming this to be true, would the same effect be had if one applied holy water to a dying person?—W. A., NEW YORK, N. Y.

One of the effects of the devout use of holy water is to restrain the devil and his angels and even put them to rout. This is due to the blessing of the Church and the prayers offered in her name by the priest when common water is blessed. It is truly said that "the devil hates holy water" because it has been blessed by the priest with the sign of the cross and made a sacramental. The same effects may be looked for when properly used in the case of oneself or others—especially the dying.

Prayer for Non-Catholics

Would you please print a prayer for the conversion of non-Catholics? All the prayers I find assume that non-Catholics are great sinners, cut off from the possibility of salvation; whereas many outside the Church are perfectly sincere and need prayers for guidance into the true fold.—MO.

The following prayer for heretics and schismatics is offered by the Church on Good Friday. It has the merit of being official and besides it is very short.

"Almighty and everlasting God, Who savest all men and desirest not that any should perish: look down on such souls as are deceived by the wiles of the devil: that laying aside all heretical perverseness, the hearts of those who are in error may be converted, and may return to the unity of Thy truth. Through our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity, etc."

(Note: We suggest that you inquire from the Redemptorist Fathers about the Brazilian medal of Our Lady. Perhaps the Editor of *The Liguorian*, Oconomowoc, Wis., will be able to help you).

Fisher's Rebuke to Wolsey

In the biography of St. John Fisher by Paul McCann there appears a long passage telling of the saint's public rebuke of Cardinal Wolsey. Is this true? The reason I ask is that I was under the impression that the rebuke administered to Father Coughlin by a prelate was the first of its kind.—M. E. W., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

St. John Fisher was a Bishop at the time he administered his rebuke to Cardinal Wolsey for the latter's manner of life and he spoke in synod or meeting of Bishops, where such a rebuke was properly made. The saint's criticism of the Cardinal was true and generally known. Moreover, he made it with the best of motives.

Women Doctors of Church: Priest Interrupting Mass: Flowers for Altar

(1) Are there any women doctors of the Church? Have St. Teresa of Avila and St. Catherine ever been given this title, even as an honorary one? (2) May a priest leave the altar during the celebration of Mass to anoint a dying person? (3) Is there any objection or ruling against using on the altar flowers, which have come from a funeral and are fresh?—N. N.

(1) All the doctors who have been declared such by the Holy See were male saints. According to Father Thurston, S. J., St. Teresa of Avila is the only one to whom the title "Doctor of the Church" is popularly, though not officially, applied. (*Lives of the Saints*, October).

(2) For a most grave cause it is lawful for the celebrant to interrupt Mass, even between the consecration and the communion, such as the baptism and absolution of a dying person (Noldin, III, n. 214) and to administer Viaticum (Prümmer, III, n. 304).

(3) We do not know of any ruling against the use of flowers on the altar which have been used in a funeral.

(Note: We suggest that you write to the publisher of the magazine about the picture, or to one of the firms listed in the *Catholic Directory* which handle such things).

Difference Between Low and Solemn Requiem Masses: Burial of Non-Catholic in Catholic Cemetery

(1) Is there any difference between a low requiem Mass and a solemn requiem Mass (with three priests and organ), and are there any blessings denied to the dead person in the first? (2) May a non-Catholic be buried in a Catholic cemetery, if married to a Catholic?—M. H. R., LONG ISLAND.

(1) There is no essential difference between a low or read Mass and other Masses. The Mass is the unbloody renewal of the bloody Sacrifice of the Cross. Every Mass has infinite value because of the nature of the sacrifice, since Jesus Christ is the sacrifice and the principal priest. With regard to the measure of propitiatory effect in behalf of the deceased, there are accidental differences between a low Mass and a solemn Mass, since there is more external glory given to God in the latter than in the former; and hence more ground for thinking that God will be more propitious in the latter than in the former. The above considers the different rites of Masses in themselves. But we cannot leave out of consideration the dispositions of the celebrant, offerers and attendants. The more devotion and the spirit of sacrifice enters into the offering of

Mass, the more is God likely to bestow His graces. The Mass, it must not be forgotten, is not only the offering of the church, but also of the particular faithful: "pray, brethren, (the celebrant says) 'that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty.'"

(2) Burial in consecrated ground in Catholic cemeteries is reserved to Catholics who die in visible communion with the Church. Canon 1240 expressly excludes members of heretical denominations. However, it sometimes happens that the non-Catholic spouse of a Catholic party is allowed to be buried with the Catholic spouse in a non-consecrated portion of a Catholic cemetery, the grave of the Catholic only being blessed. Each case of this kind must be decided by the Bishop. If granted, it is because the non-Catholic has been faithful to the promises made at the time of marriage. This arrangement is beyond the letter of the common law of the Church.

Animal Souls

In the January, 1938, issue of THE SIGN, p. 363, I saw a question and answer about the souls of animals. Since they are not rational, they do not survive the death of the body. But a friend tells me that there is a principle of science that matter and energy are indestructible, and since the animal soul is a form of energy, it is not annihilated with the body. What is the answer to this?—F. R., NAMPA, IDAHO.

The nature of the animal soul is known from the method of its operation, according to the philosophical principle, *operatio sequitur esse*. Now, it is commonly held that the operations of animal souls do not transcend the limitations of matter. The souls of animals, therefore, are said to be "immersed in matter" in such a way that they cannot exist apart from their material bodies. Hence, animal souls cease to exist when the body dies, just as the constitutive principles of a chemical compound disappear when the compound is resolved into its elements. In the case of animal souls, Catholic philosophers say that at death these souls are resolved into the potency of matter.

Novena to Holy Ghost

Will you kindly tell a convert why the first and greatest novena of the Roman Catholic Church is so grossly neglected? Our Lord told one of His saints that we could know Him only through the Holy Ghost, yet I never see such a novena announced and seldom have heard devotion to the Holy Ghost mentioned. I should think that in these chaotic times every church and convent should have devotions to Him every week, since there are so many other devotions held weekly.—I. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Pope Leo XIII on May 9, 1897, commanded that on the Friday after the Ascension the novena to the Holy Ghost should begin in all parochial churches, and according to the good pleasure of the local Ordinaries in other churches and oratories. We cannot speak for others, but with regard to the Passionists this novena is solemnly celebrated in every church and monastery attached to the congregation throughout the world. There is, undoubtedly, a great need of devotion to the Holy Ghost. An excellent book on the Holy Ghost by Fr. Leen, C. S. Sp., has recently come from the press. It was reviewed in the October 1937 issue of *THE SIGN*. Booklets and pamphlets of devotion to the Holy Ghost may be obtained from The Paulist Press and other publishers.

Letters

• **LETTERS should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.**

A LETTER TO "TIME"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In view of your editorial, "Notes on a Loyalist Party," you will be interested in a copy of a letter I have sent to the editor of *Time*:

"Dear Sir: I am in receipt of a sample copy of *Time* magazine, dated February 28, 1938, which I presume was sent to me in common with many thousands of others in your effort to increase circulation.

"Frankly, this is the first copy of *Time* I have looked at in many months; in fact, since I discovered that the declaration of your Circulation Manager, 'Time will always make sure first that you get the news straight and true and reliable' didn't ring quite true, especially in the matter of the Stalin-ized Youth Control under the guise of the Child Labor Amendment.

"Strangely enough I find this sample copy bears a very substantial resemblance to the last copy I looked at when I find the names of some of your staff, T. S. Matthews, Associate Editor, and Robert Cantwell, Contributing Editor, also adorned the invitation to a party to raise funds for the Loyalist forces in Spain, held at the home of Muriel Draper, 144 Lexington Avenue, New York, on Tuesday, January 18, 1938.

"My point is this, Mr. Luce. How can your magazine honestly make the claim that it 'gives the news straight and true and reliable' when important members of your staff deliberately take sides in a foreign war, and especially on the side of forces aided and abetted by Soviet Russia, who deny the right of free press, speech, religious freedom and every other liberty genuine citizens of this nation hold dear?

"Before sending me any more samples or copies of *Time* magazine, Mr. Luce, I would appreciate an explanation either from you or some well-informed member of your staff by what reasoning you expect to solicit subscriptions from genuinely free American citizens on the one hand, while certain members of your staff give aid and comfort to the Communist-controlled forces in Spain with the other."

WEYMOUTH, MASS.

MILES C. HAYES.

QUESTIONS "LADIES' HOME JOURNAL" STATISTICS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In a recent issue of *Ladies' Home Journal* there was an article purporting to be the results of a survey made by them among the women of the United States on the subject of Birth Control. I enclose a copy of the article. You will see that they make the statement that 79 per cent of the women are in favor of it, and that in religious groups 51 per cent of Catholic women are also in favor of it.

I wrote them a letter challenging them to prove this latter statement, and asking them where and how they

took this survey; that I was a Catholic and had not been approached on the subject, nor had any woman of my acquaintance. I also told them that I was a member of a Catholic Women's Society in Boston who were largely responsible for the defeat of the Birth Control Bill in Massachusetts.

I am writing to them again to say that they have evaded the question. In their article they did not mention anything about what form of Birth Control the Catholic women had in mind, but gave the impression that it was artificial methods only that 51 per cent of our Catholic women approved of.

It is to my mind a libel on the majority of our Catholic women, and in my second letter I am asking them to retract or modify that statement in the columns of their Journal and to present a true picture—that Catholics can only practice Birth Control through continence.

One paragraph of their reply, which I am enclosing, is of particular interest: "In the course of their questions our investigators asked the faith of the women interviewed. Naturally we took the word of the person interviewed if she said she was a Protestant, Catholic, some other faith or none. We did not, of course, specify nor did we represent those who said they were Catholics as specifying whether the form of birth control was by means of continence, the so-called 'rhythmic' method, or by what is known as an artificial method. You may be interested to know that although we have received a large amount of correspondence in connection with this survey, no doctor has questioned these figures other than to suggest that perhaps they are somewhat on the conservative side."

BOSTON, MASS.

E. G. L.

POINTED FACTS IN BIRTH PREVENTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your editorial dealing with the National Campaign for Birth Control (March issue of *THE SIGN*) is a classic. You have brought into the arena of honest discussion a subject of vital interest to Church and State, clergy and laity. More, you have plainly discussed an evil that for too long a time has been mentioned in bated breath, or set forth so theoretically from the Catholic pulpit and through the pages of the Catholic press that the average listener or reader has been left unconvinced. Reverend Editor, you have started something! Somehow I feel you are going to be on the receiving end of bitter criticism from the advocates of Birth Prevention. You have struck hard at them. Your editorial has rendered a notable service. You have begun a needed work. May God give you the help to complete it.

None should question the fact that birth prevention is one of the basic evils of modern society; an evil that is taking its toll amongst the children of the Church. It is an undeniable fact that many Catholic couples enter the divinely established state of matrimony with the mutual agreement that for a certain number of years they will use matrimonial rights in such a way that there will be no offspring. That \$250,000,000 "peculiar industry" your editorial refers to is certainly doing a land-office business with some recently married Catholics. If this statement seems fictitious, then let the Parish Records be consulted. In fact, Reverend Editor, why don't you undertake to gather statistical evidence of artificial birth prevention amongst married Catholics. For instance: Go over the marriage records of a particular parish; tally the number of marriages over the past five years and then check the number of births that have resulted from these marriages. The results

of such an investigation will be astounding! The facts of your investigation will reveal that an appalling number of Catholics, rich, middle class, and poor are "Birth Preventionists." But *why* are these people practicing birth prevention? This is the important question, and the answer is not so simple as it may seem to some.

One reason for the widespread evil of birth prevention is a pagan idea of the human body and the real purpose and ends of matrimony. To not a few (and we simply cannot exclude some of our Catholic people in this) the human body is a mere composition of flesh and bone, constructed to afford sensual pleasure; a pleasure that outside of legitimate wedlock is socially and legally "frowned upon." Marriage, these neo-pagans think, is designed merely to confer a meretricious respectability upon bodily indulgence. Such being the case why should not the Catholic pulpit and the Catholic press set us straight on these matters? Apparently some Catholic preachers and some Catholic periodicals refrain from discussing such matters lest the innocent be scandalized. The human body, the sexes, marriage and its use were first conceived in the pure Mind of God and definitely planned by the Almighty for a very definite purpose. Such being the case, why should we not be properly instructed by our priests and the Catholic press? Such enlightenment would protect us against a purely physical concept of sex and marriage, and would have the added effect of keeping out of matrimony some at least who before marrying mutually agree to do business with that \$250,000,000 "peculiar industry," or to frustrate the designs of the Almighty in ways not less vicious.

Secondly, Reverend Editor, why not seek out and correct other vicious causes of birth prevention, viz: thieving employers, money-greedy physicians and racketeering hospitals. The employer who pays an unjust wage is a cradle-robber, because wickedly depriving his workers of their due rewards he is guiltily responsible for the financial impossibility of his employees virtuously to exercise the functions of holy matrimony. In no sense is such an employer less a birth preventionist than the selfish couple who do not want and will not have children. Forty-two percent (42%) of the families of the United States have an average annual income of \$850.00 (Brookings Report). For such families a new birth is an economic and financial calamity. Furthermore, Reverend Editor, go after the birth-preventing physicians! The fees of some of these gentlemen for pre-natal, natal and post-natal care are so enormous that they simply cannot be met by that 42% of the under-privileged. Excessive maternity fees in maternity cases explain in no small measure the success of that \$250,000,000 "peculiar industry." As for the hospitals (and some of them Catholic Hospitals) why should they escape being tagged with the inglorious title "Birth Preventionist" as long as their maternity rates remain far above the pocketbook of the under-privileged? Where such maternity hospital rates exist, the average married couple will not face the possibility of a new born; instead they frustrate the primary end of matrimony by doing business with that \$250,000,000 "peculiar industry," and thus invert the primary end of matrimony from the "procreation of children" to the "prevention of children."

If this communication seems pointed and very plain, it is because birth prevention is a pointed question: because it is practiced in Catholic wedded-life to such a degree that it is no longer possible successfully to camouflage the facts or to dodge the issue. "Comfortable Mrs. Taylor, across the way" may say of children "the more the merrier." Bravo! But my neighbors down the street (I mean the 42% of the under-privileged)

cannot say, "the more the merrier"; because my neighbor's employer, my neighbor's physician, and my neighbor's hospital block the way to the merriment of more children, by unjust wages, excessive maternity fees and exorbitant maternity hospital rates.

Reverend Editor, I'm all for you. You have started something! Go through with it and may God give you the grace to complete this apostolic job you have begun so well.

BOSTON, MASS.

C. B. WYNN.

AMMUNITION FOR MINUTE-MEN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Two weeks ago our local newspaper published a letter of mine regarding the Spanish situation. A few days later another letter appeared in criticism of mine. The writer made little attempt to refute my statements, but gave off the old propaganda: bombing of women and children by the Nationalists, executions of Basque clergy, wholesale executions in captured cities, etc. He even quoted from the "Scottish Rite News Bureau" concerning the "torture and murder" of 80 Masons in the city of Malaga, by slow strangulation. Sounds as though they were "dusting off" the old horror tales for present use, doesn't it?

Must I have your permission to quote your editorials and authors? I have already used a portion of your editorial of the November issue, "Blind Leaders," with credit to your magazine. The October editorial, "Stand and Be Recognized," was excellent and timely. It is too bad that more of our Catholic men and women, with the ability to write and speak in public, do not take more interest in asserting the rights and principles of the Church. They are much better equipped thus to serve the Church than myself, an ordinary workingman. I also agree entirely with your editorial on the C. I. O. Having been much concerned in the steel strike last summer, I know something of both sides of the matter.

MASSILLON, OHIO.

C. W. H.

Editor's Note: Minute-Men are very welcome to use all information in THE SIGN. The activity of this workingman might well serve as an example to others.

ANOTHER JOB FOR MINUTE-MEN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Whenever pamphlets, leaflets and mimeographed sheets are being given out in the vicinity of the college it is my custom to pass on without accepting them. I did so last Friday evening, but my companion took two copies. I was under the impression that only Communist propaganda could be given out by students. However, I was pleasantly surprised when I glanced at the heading, "College Comment—Enlightenment Committee of Brooklyn College."

When I read the excellent pamphlet I was happy that such a movement is going on in order to combat the evils of Communism. I believe that the "Minute-Men" could do much in fighting lying propaganda by using such tactics.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

C. M. CIERVO.

Editor's Note: Of course Catholic college students have the same privileges as American citizens as any other groups. Perhaps some of our college groups will be interested in combining this suggestion with that of reprints of special articles.

OPPOSES EXECUTIVE LAYOFFS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Katherine Burton's article, "Executive Layoffs," appearing in the March issue of *THE SIGN*, certainly hits a new high in crackpot suggestions for cures in business. The author apparently knows little or nothing about business or she wouldn't have been foolish enough to write such an absurd suggestion.

If her suggestion were followed and the executives of big corporations were laid off, who, may I respectfully ask Miss Burton, would be responsible for the operation of the organization and who would formulate plans to keep the rest of the men at work and plans to increase sales and production to hire the men back that were laid off? If Mr. Sloane or Mr. Knudsen were laid off for six weeks, possibly the factories would never open. What then of the unemployed laborers? Miss Burton evidently is under the impression that the executives of a corporation have no problems in finance, production, sales, labor policies, and the other multitudinous duties that harass an executive. If the brains of the corporations were laid off, certainly the laboring class would have much more to lose, as there would be no one to plan their work and keep things going.

I concede that big business has many evils and that some executives are over-rated and over-paid but I believe this is the exception, rather than the rule. Further than that, the salary of one or two executives over a period of six to eight weeks would make no appreciable dent in the amount of men that did not have to be laid off, compared to the total number employed.

It is regrettable that layoffs have to occur and that working men and their families have to suffer but the cure is not to be found by laying off the very men that supply the intelligence and resources necessary to operate the business. To date all the economists, business leaders, teachers, and political leaders in the country have been unable to solve this vexing problem of seasonal work, or a cure for the depression. Miss Burton should become better acquainted with the subject before offering even a partial solution that reflects no insight into the matter.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

GEORGE VINCENT.

REPRINT OF FR. THORNING'S ARTICLE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In my circle of acquaintances there are a number of officers of the New York Public Health Service. These friends tell me that the organization has distributed no less than one thousand reproductions of the article on socialized medicine written by Dr. Joseph F. Thorning and published in your January issue. Apparently, the articles in *THE SIGN* merit the thoughtful consideration of experts in this field.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

RAYMOND A. FLETCHER.

FOR A PUBLIC HEALTH PROGRAM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As the son of a physician and one with a rather wide acquaintance with the press, both secular and religious, I wish to compliment you upon the stimulating, thoughtful article by Dr. Joseph F. Thorning entitled, "A Constructive Program of Public Health." The suggestions for action along co-operative lines in health service have been proved successful in the case of many Catholics of

Nova Scotia. There is no reason why many of the features of that plan should not be widely adopted in the United States. At any rate, *THE SIGN* is doing its part to bring these developments to the attention of the American public.

MILWAUKEE, WISC.

ROBERT J. BODDEN.

FEDERAL CONTROL NOT NECESSARY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

With reference to the letter by J. W. Brophy, M.D., in the March issue, kindly permit me to suggest that calling names is rarely an asset in orderly, clear discussion. Much less is it helpful to misrepresent an author's position. In none of my articles on the dangers of State medicine have I claimed that "the Government is capable enough of applying such remedies to eradicate the causes of ill health and accidents." Before it is necessary to have recourse to bureaucratic methods of social reconstruction it might be well to try the possibilities of co-operative enterprise as they were outlined in my article in *THE SIGN* (February), entitled "A Constructive Program of Public Health." The success of the Antigonish, Nova Scotia, movement is a case in point.

Nowhere in my discussion do I accept without reservation the views either of the American Medical Association or those of Dr. Morris Fishbein. And the point Dr. Brophy suggests by way of correction with reference to the Veterans' Administration in no wise invalidates my contention, namely, that in the multiplication of Federal Departments and activities we have a species of "creeping collectivization" which bodes no good for individual liberties. There is a *via media* between the limitations of the present system and Federal control: a point that Dr. Brophy either missed or did not care to see.

EMMITSBURG, MD.

JOSEPH F. THORNING.

VETERAN PASSIONIST'S URGENT APPEAL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Superiors have let me have an assistant in the person of the Rev. Daniel McDevitt, C.P. I am old and hampered by failing sight and very defective hearing. He is a much younger priest, suited for the work, energetic and likable. Our priestly effort is among Negroes in this part of the Southland. Only God knows the time when colored people shall be able to provide for Catholic missions among them.

The name of the mission committed to us is: "Mother of Mercy." It is located in the country town, Washington, North Carolina. The street number is: 112 West Ninth Street. The mission has a school, convent and rectory; but no church.

Our purpose is to be less of a burden to the generous souls who have kept the mission going since 1927. Until now, they have helped us three times yearly, in response to begging letters. Our effort is to beg for help from the same person *only once yearly*. To accomplish this, we need many more helpers who, in the generosity of their zeal for souls, will let us have their names and addresses.

Among your readers there may be many who will gladly help the Mother of Mercy Mission, once they learn of our great need. Gifts of twenty-five cents and up will keep the mission going. Of course, the larger the gift, the smaller will be our mailing expenses and much more time for labor for souls will be available.

April 6th, 1938, will be the sixtieth anniversary of my Ordination to minister to Christ Jesus in His offering

of the Mass and to do my little part in His ministry of Salvation. Some tell me that it will be the *Diamond Jubilee of Priesthood* for me. God grant that the anniversary gifts may be many and large enough to do more effective work among colored people who are easily among the poorest of the poor and the most neglected, both in bodily and spiritual needs.

The Rev. Daniel McDevitt, C.P. will quite likely be my successor. Being much younger and not afflicted with failing sight, he will take care of the mail. My eighty-fifth birthday is not far off. The good Lord may soon call me to my eternal home. Father Daniel McDevitt's address is the same as mine.

FATHER MARK MOESLEIN, C. P.

112 West 9th St.,
Washington, North Carolina.

Editor's Note: Prompt and generous, we hope, will be the response to this Diamond Jubilee appeal of zealous Fr. Mark, C.P. Age has not dimmed his vision of the needs of his colored flock. We shall be happy to forward any donations to him for his long-hoped-for church.

APPEAL FOR COPIES OF "THE SIGN"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Will you kindly allow me to appeal to your readers for copies of *THE SIGN*, used or new, and other Catholic literature for distribution among some of the five million non-Catholics in the island of Ceylon? We are already receiving some copies of your magazine, but we can easily make use of many more.

Under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers and with the approval of His Excellency the Bishop of Trincomalee, the Catholic Press Committee of St. Joseph's College, Trincomalee, has, during the last six years of its existence, distributed more than 120,000 pieces of Catholic literature including newspapers, magazines, pamphlets and books. Our literature has gone out regularly to 66 towns and villages, to public libraries and clubs, to editors of secular dailies and non-Catholic religious magazines, to Protestant clergymen, to professors, lawyers and doctors, to educated men and women of all types in this island. Some of our readers have already become Catholics. But we cannot keep pace with the increasing demand unless we can get a much larger supply.

It may interest you to know that *THE SIGN* is very popular among our readers. A Protestant clergyman wrote to me some time ago that he liked it very much for its spirit of charity towards those who are not Catholics.

Packets should be addressed to: The Secretary, Catholic Press Committee, Trincomalee, Ceylon.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
TRINCOMALEE, CEYLON,

REV. J. STEPHEN NARAYAN,
SECRETARY,
CATH. PRESS COMMITTEE.

JUSTICE IN THE CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The Catholic Press Month Project, sponsored by the Apostolic Committee, was launched Sunday, February 13th, when day students of St. Mary's and members of their respective parish sodalities had displays of the literature you so kindly sent.

The message, given to the Catholics of Prairie du Chien while they examined the display, was inspired by

an act of social justice on the part of St. Bernardine of Sienna about the year 1420:

"The magazines are here to let you know that the city's cleaned-up newsstands should have a fragrance of the ointment of social justice similar to that performed by St. Bernardine of Sienna who, when accused by the dealers in dice of his hurting their trade, gave to these same merchants a more profitable business in the sale of emblems of veneration honoring the Holy Name."

The neighboring parishes whose people patronize the newsstands of Prairie du Chien will receive the same message from their Apostolic Committees.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WISCONSIN.

LUCILLE SCOTT.

Editor's Note: Congratulations to St. Mary's Sodality. In attacking the unsavory magazines, it is well to remind news dealers that we have Catholic magazines on which they can make commission—if proper display is given our periodicals. Ask your dealer to contact us for terms.

CATHOLIC LITERARY SERVICES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I draw attention to an omission in "Catholic Book Lists and Other Services" on page 427 of the February 1938 issue of *THE SIGN*? There is a splendid and growing contribution to the Catholic Press in *The Catholic Bookman*, an international Catholic monthly, published by Walter Romig and Co., 14 National Bank Building, Detroit, Mich. *The Catholic Periodical Index* is now published by arrangement by the Wilson Company of New York. There has been no volume since 1931. The forthcoming volume will be a cumulative volume covering the last few years.

CATHOLIC JUNIOR COLLEGE LIBRARY, SISTER M. MALACHI,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. LIBRARIAN.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. O'B., Boston, Mass.; M.S., Hoboken, N.J.; B.O'H., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.D.C., Wakefield, Mass.; M.F.M., Dickenson Centre, N.Y.; M.G., New York, N.Y.; M.R., Washington, D.C.; M.C.T., Dubuque, Iowa; R.G., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.B., Akron, Ohio; M.DeN., Hartford, Conn.; B.K.B., Jackson Heights, N.Y.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Poor Souls, M.M., McKeesport, Pa.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Sacred Heart, S.O'G., Jackson Heights, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, A.G., Chicago, Ill.; Souls in Purgatory, M.C.W., Rochester, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, Immaculate Mother, St. Ann, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, M.O., Hoboken, N.J.; Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; Sacred Heart, M.C.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, R.W., Dorchester, Mass.; St. Joseph, M.F.W.H., Elberon, N.J.; Souls in Purgatory, M.J.S., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, A.L.T., Keyport, N.J.; St. Olilla, M.E.B., New Orleans, La.; Sacred Heart, J.B., New York, N.Y.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, J.G., Winchester, Mass.; Sacred Heart, E.J.M., Bronx, N.Y.; Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, St. Ann, B.K.B., Jackson Heights, N.Y.; M.G.W., Mineral Pt., Pa.; T.S., Trenton, N.J.



The Man who Climbed

Montmartre

By Enid Dinnis

THE man from overseas stood on the broad terrace on the summit of Montmartre. He was looking down on Paris and asking himself rather irritably why he was here—not in this particular part of Europe, Paris had been his objective in taking this journey to the Old World in the year 1937—but on this particular spot, the hill of the martyrs. True he had heard that the view of the city from here was worth seeing, especially at the present moment, with the Great International Exhibition mapped out on the landscape below, but it had not been included in his program.

Yet, here he was, facing the enigma of the why and wherefore of his coming.

And why, he asked himself with increasing ferocity, had he toiled up the devastating flights of steps to get here, when even the pilgrims were making use of the cars? He had no religious use for Montmartre—nowadays. It represented a system which had failed him. The man who was wise in the modern way had no use for Montmartre and its basilica.

Notre Dame was different. It was "the first-born of the Gothic inspiration in France." But this basilica was barely half-a-century old. It was the Mecca of the people who steadfastly refused to face the realities of the age they lived in, like the acquaint-

ance whom he had run across in the Boulevard Raspail, a man from New York who had peevishly asserted that he had no use for the Exhibition—that he was in search of a real Paris, not a sham Egypt and a lath-and-plaster England. This same acquaintance had told him that he ought to go to Montmartre—he was a Catholic and knew that the man to whom he was speaking had been brought up that way. "There's something enchanted about Montmartre," he had said. "You go up a beanstalk and find yourself in another world, and things happen."

He had left his fantastic compatriot hunting for the site of the Bastille and had thought no more about Montmartre—not until he had chanced to pass by the church of Our Lady of Victories. It had aroused his curiosity. It was a church where miracles were said to take place; spiritual miracles, conversions and so forth. A very hot-bed of the superstitions that had given the *coup-de-grace* to the old religion so far as he was concerned.

The man from overseas sat down to regain his breath after his pilgrim tramp. Why hadn't he come up in the car? He recalled his impression of the church of Our Lady of Victories. He was of a philosophical turn of mind and out to collect impres-

It was a bit of Paris with which the Great Exhibition definitely had no truck. Candles blazed and spluttered all over the place, which was stifling with the smell of burning wax. It was full of people who were either engaged in prayer or else vanishing into the confessionals, to reappear and put up more candles. The candles represented the people—serving no useful purpose, futile, and so spending their existence. He had made quite interesting reflections in the church of Our Lady of Victories in spite of the nauseating smell of wax. He had thought a bit about the alleged miracles, too, and wondered if the unbelievers who were declared to have found Faith here had been men like himself? The change must have been a jerky sort of business.

Then, as he was coming away, a lady who evidently mistook him for her companion had addressed him. "Now you must go to Montmartre," she had said; and as he turned round and faced her she had moved away quickly, discovering her mistake, and too embarrassed, evidently, to make an apology for speaking to a stranger.

The ridiculous thing was that he had come to Montmartre!

He had taken the Metro to the foot of the Martyrs' Hill from the summit of which the Basilica of the *Sacré Coeur* looked down on the city, com-

memorating its deliverance from the invading army, and here he was, rather dazed with the climb, and feeling that he owed an apology to the man who had come from New York to see the great World Exhibition—or an explanation! But the latter was not forthcoming.

OF COURSE he had reasons for coming to Montmartre. The psychology of the bourgeoisie could be instructively studied here. Moreover, the new ideology could find a point of vantage on the hill of the martyrs. They, the martyrs, had looked out towards a world to come. A world whose ambassadors were no longer being received in the Courts of Reason and Science. Even Ethics questioned their right of entry into the diplomatic circles of enlightened Thought.

The idealist of today sought to justify his creed in this present life. Man was to work out the salvation of Man. His dream lay typified where the distant lines of colored lights marked the explorations of the Great Exhibition Idea. Here Humanity was displaying its achievement. Science, Art, mechanical magic, the wealth of the World, lay at his feet. The Nations represented were "on the spot" unimpeded by the dream which makes human happiness the penultimate aim, and the State a penultimate Authority. The dream which was the creed of the Catholic Church.

In the midst of the mapped-out city he could see the twin towers of Notre Dame, the Mediaeval's gift to the succeeding ages. Somehow he would be sorry to see Paris without the dreaming stones of Notre Dame. The mediaevals had incidentally served posterity whilst they were engaged in making their souls, but they were a people apart from those of the present day. A remnant of their race hovered round the church of Our Lady of Victories burning candles and inciting others to go to Montmartre (she had been insistent, that fair lady) and going themselves—tolling up the hill, most of them, in the sweltering sun. He had been vaguely irritated by the half-heartedness of those who rode in the cars. His own action had been a sort of protest?

Ridiculous!

The man from overseas suddenly turned himself round. He had so far paid no attention to the building that rose up behind him. He ran his eye over it. The architecture left him cold. It recalled no bygone age. It made no more appeal to him than the Papal Pavilion in the Exhibition. The latter enshrined a marble altar

on which Mass was said and some fine stained glass, depicting the saints of France, and destined for Notre Dame; but apart from that it was simply a pavilion.

But the mob plainly found no fault with the basilica. They poured through its open doors—cheerful, ordinary common folk. Montmartre on a Sunday, it appeared, sucked up to itself these streams of holiday-makers. It catered for them in the recognized fashion on the broad terraces and round about the sacred edifice which a nation delivered from a frenzy of fear had raised in thanksgiving to the Power which had saved it. Pleasure and piety appeared to fuse in this outing to Montmartre.

There were certainly impressions to be collected here, watching the people. The man from overseas followed the thin trickle of holiday-making worshippers into the Shrine of the Sacred Heart. It would be cool in there, and he could sit down and rest.

A large congregation filled the basilica. A black-garbed preacher was holding forth from a pulpit. He appeared to be talking about Catholic Action, and exemplifying it by the life of a Carmelite nun! "Catholic Action?" The man who was collecting impressions had thrown over the old Faith because eager men were out for action whilst the Church stood still!

The sermon ended, he remained seated where he was. Time was when he would have knelt with the others. He knew the meaning of the Monstrance which focussed the gaze of all present. It contained the Bread which had been distributed to unceasing crowds ever since early morning from the Altar. He knew the meaning of the vast figure of the Christ which, high above the sanctuary, stretched out its arms over the kneeling throng.

IT WAS an arresting figure. Dominating, impelling. The sweep of the arms with the wounded hands seemed to hold within their zone not merely the congregation gathered here but the whole world beyond. The Christ of Montmartre was not to be seen and forgotten. The man from overseas had always regarded the devotion to the Sacred Heart as something sentimental and effeminate. France's soldier sons had not done so.

Salut was over. The benediction had been given and the huge mass of people was wending its way towards the doors. A procession was winding round the aisles—some confraternity having a "do" on its own

account, apparently. People joined in the hymns sounding in the distance as they made their way out. It was a live crowd. There were no ghosts of the past at Montmartre. Mother and father and children, they moved about intent on their special pieties. And the Christ figured above the Monstrance seemed to be watching them in the unchanging attitude of benediction.

An old man who had become absorbed in prayer was impeding the path of the visitor. The passing disturbance of being tumbled over did not appear to upset him in any other sense. He smiled up at the man who was collecting impressions in the friendliest way. He was a shabby old fellow, and there were a pair of crutches by the side of his chair. There were others, dozens and dozens of them, all engaged in prayer. It went on day and night. Of course this sort of thing made people completely out of touch with reality.

The man from overseas made his way out into the sunshine. He sat himself down and ate chocolate—it seemed the normal thing to do.

HIS FRIEND had been right. This was a different world. The real world was blazoning forth its message on the banks of the Seine where the Nations had gathered to shout the story of the days to come. The flag of Progress flew there. France would not be building temples of prayer to stem the oncoming of this invader!

Someone had come and seated himself down on the bench at his side. It proved to be the old fellow who had been praying so obstructively in church just now. He had a paper packet in his hand from which he produced some food and started on a meal. It would be rather a good opportunity to tackle the old boy and find out his reactions to the spirit of the age.

The old man looked around at the stranger who was addressing him in passably good French. He saw a young man with a good, honest face who in spite of his well-to-do appearance in some obscure way aroused his sympathy.

"I believe I owe you an apology for tumbling over you in church just now," the young man said.

The old man laughed. He disclaimed the necessity for an apology. "I forget that there are people who want to move about," he said. "Do you spend much time there?"

The other deliberated. He seemed anxious to be exact.

"I come out to get my bit of dinner," he replied. "Otherwise I'm mostly there. You see, I go to Holy

Communion in the morning early, and I stay on to say 'thank you.' I have my bite of food out here, and then I go back to finish. Then I go and get a bit of sleep if I'm going to be there all night."

The listener eyed him with curiosity. "Don't you say anything but 'thank you'?" he inquired.

"Just that. They come up here to pray for France—they say she needs prayers. I would pray for her, too, but I always find myself thanking Him for being here. Just that."

"And how long have you been doing it?" the other asked. The old man considered. "Ever since He came here," he said. "It must be fifty years. I was here when the Blessed Virgin stopped the enemy from marching on Paris, twenty years ago. There were crowds praying here then. Montmartre stands for the salvation of France. It will save her from a worse enemy than the Germans."

The man from overseas suddenly changed the subject. He was wondering if this old fellow had so much as heard of the Great Exhibition.

He was mistaken in his doubt. His companion had heard of the Exhibition, but he had not been there.

"I used to go to those kind of places when I was a lad," he said. "I enjoyed the fairs. It's a big one, this that they are having this year, they say. They're keeping it up longer than the old ones. They only lasted a matter of three days, but I've no taste for swings and merry-go-rounds."

"You would see more than swings and merry-go-rounds," the other suggested. "It's by way of being a big show."

"Maybe. There used to be a woman who was half a fish in one of the booths when I was a lad. Maybe she's still there."

His companion continued to uphold the World Exhibition.

"One of the booths," he said, "is made to look like a church, and they have Mass there every Sunday."

The old man nodded. "I've been told so," he said. Then he added: "He would go to them. He knows the ways of men." He glanced from the distant panorama to the building behind them.

"It always seems to me," he remarked, slowly, "that when the good God became Man He became a man with a very large heart. That, I take it, is what He is teaching us up there. If you go back and look, Monsieur, you will notice that He has a very large heart."

"I believe they broadcast the Exhibition Mass on the radio." The



They poured through the open doors—cheerful, ordinary common folk

man from New York was anxious to find out what this strange old human being thought of the radio.

"Ah, yes, it is wonderful—no, Monsieur, not the radio, I mean the Mass. The radio?—" he made an expressive movement with his shoulders and hands—"But He blesses it all. It is all under the shadow of His hands. I like to think that He goes to the Fair for a bit on Sundays."

He folded up the paper which had contained his dinner. "I must be getting back," he said. "Good day, Monsieur."

He possessed himself of his crutches and hopped off briskly in

the direction of the door through which the people were still trickling.

A quaint old specimen. His friend had been right. Montmartre was in another world. These sort of things happened.

He took out his note-book. He must jot down that quaint remark about the Fair—yes, this was certainly another world. He jotted down the note. Then he sat thinking. The old man's remarks had given him to think. He got up and followed the man who had made them back into the church. He was not "going back to finish" for he had not yet begun.

He re-entered the building. Why had he come back? Why had he

come to Montmartre? Did things really happen here?

He told himself, hastily, that the old man's amusing comments on the International Exhibition had repaid his trouble in coming. Then he knelt down—it seemed the decent thing to do. Everyone round about him appeared to be absorbed in prayer.

The wounded hands of the Christ shadowed the man who had come to gather impressions.

It was interesting. On one side there were those who were praying for France, or for themselves. In a far corner on his left he saw the motionless figure of the man who had come to say "thank You." The outstretched hands embraced them all alike. It was no narrow Heart that was symbolized up yonder. It might even contain the joys of those who got pleasure from a merry-go-round.

That last impression did not go into the note-book. Perhaps it was too subtle to be caught by pencil and paper.

The whole place seemed to be full of a tense activity, expressed by the silence and by the rigid figure of the man who had returned to finish his prayers. He felt like a drone in a hive. He crept away from the Mystery, out into the open air.

But the mystery pursued him. The hands of the Christ were far-stretching hands. He went over and gazed across at the city—at the other world below. "All the kingdoms of the World lay there at his feet—His thought was moulding itself in familiar, long-forgotten phrases. They were the heritage of man become conscious of his inheritance—of Humanity which was to work out its own salvation. . . . But one thing was asked of Man. What was that one thing? That he should fall down and worship. What? Whom? A system; an idea? The world is not moved by ideas but by the man who holds them; by a Man.

There came to him the answer. A voice which in familiar phrasing gave the age-old rejoinder to the wisdom of the new ideology: "Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God, and Him alone shalt thou serve."

Something had happened. The man who was gathering impressions had been branded, as by the touch of a seraph's hand. He stood there realizing all that Montmartre stood for. The Eternal, the Absolute, the Adorable.

He remained there until someone touched him on the arm. It was his old friend who had followed him.

"Ah, Monsieur," the latter cried, eagerly. "Was it not true? The heart

His Mother's Easter

By SR. M. PAULINUS, I.H.M.

She did not die of utter bliss
When first His olden filial kiss
Sprang new from lips but lately paled
In awful death: His arms availed.
He held her up in His embrace—
The peerless lily of the race
His blood had bought. With tender thought
Of how she bore Him 'neath her heart,
And bore, in woe, her recent part,
Beneath His cross, He was her stay
That rapturous Resurrection Day.

of the good God is large—large! He is—Humanity."

He balanced himself perilously, suiting the action to the words. The other noticed that the palms of his extended hands were seared by the use of the crutches. He wondered whether they held gifts on that account?

He understood now why it had been so necessary that he should come to Montmartre.

He entered the basilica for the third time; the tense silence was urging men to Action like the deep currents of the ocean—to prayer.

And this time he prayed.

The Metro had deposited the pilgrim in the centre of the city. He could still see the dome of Montmartre, away in the distance. The Man whose Kingdom was not of this world was watching over the men who sought to shape their own destiny. Seated at a table outside a café he came across his acquaintance of the Boulevard Raspail.

"Well met," the latter cried. "Where have you been? Taking another look at the Exhibition?"

"No, I've been to Montmartre."

"Excellent! One gets one's values right up there."

The other agreed.

"Ah, you've been gripped. I'm glad you took my advice and went there."

The other demurred. "I'm not sure it was your doing," he said. "Someone in Our Lady of Victories—the church where they have miraculous conversions, you know—told me I ought to go—rather peremptorily."

"Oh, you met a friend there?"

"No, it was a stranger, a lady—I don't know who she was."

"Our Lady of Victories Herself, perhaps?"

"Perhaps. But, anyway—I went."

The man who had been overseas was sitting at home reading the newspaper. He had had a heavy day. Travelling overseas had not improved his material prospects; on the contrary it had nipped in the bud some rather advantageous contacts. Moreover, he had added to his working day certain activities demanded by a live Catholicism.

His eye fell on a paragraph.

"Before the end of this week a start will be made with pulling down the \$50,000,000 worth of buildings at the Paris International Exhibition."

The man who had travelled appeared to be amused.

"So much for the Kingdoms of this world. Poor old Exhibition. Poor old World!"

Yes, poor old World. . . . But the Christ of Montmartre would look down on the work of demolition. He had seen many kingdoms rise and vanish. And the stark stone altar where Mass had been offered would remain. Somewhere the Heart of God would seek the hearts of men as they moved about the Fair, absorbed in its swings and merry-go-rounds.

And the saints of France would still keep their watch.

The man who had been to the Fair let go of his news-sheet and, as was his habit, fell athinking.



Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

REVOLT OF THE ESSENTIALISTS

• WITH joy unrestrained I read this week in the newspapers that a group of prominent educators has at last risen in revolt at supermodern methods of education, popularly labelled as progressive. The group call themselves Essentialists, than which no better word could have been coined.

Sometimes, reading the exuberance of one of the really top-notch progressive educators, I have found myself wondering if any one essential is left in their plans for our children's schooling. Dramatic examples of what some of them think can be found in plenty. The French class in one school, most of whom adjourned to the fire-escape to play bridge as soon as the lesson for the next day was announced—which was done at the beginning of the period instead of at the end. The puzzled child who said to me, "We have the nicest school—only we don't learn anything." The boy who was told to stop bothering with Latin because only Catholic priests and a few dilettantes are interested in it any more. The fact that one school is not allowing quite a few of its pupils to take the college entrance examinations this year because it is afraid many of them will fail and does not want its lack of scholarship shown up. The boy of nine or ten who can't read at all, because he has not been moved to do so as yet and no teacher must insist until he himself is ready to learn.

I could go on and on. In fact I have done so until I have wearied many. I only wish the educators would take in parents on this idea and enroll Essentialists all over the country, the dues being six grains of common sense, to be put in a fund and used as needed.

PROFESSOR DEWEY OBJECTS

• PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY, when he thought up this modern educational theory, no doubt meant well by it. He is very angry now that there is any objection to his method, and says there has come very little harm from it, and that only from the extremists who are found in any movement. He angrily calls the Essentialists nothing but fundamentalists. And a very good name to call anybody, I am beginning to think. Fundamental people means people who believe in foundations, and it is painfully obvious to anyone who looks closely at much of modern education that there is utterly no fundamental teaching there. The child studies when it pleases and as it pleases, often with no class recitations—and how can a young child learn such often tiresome things as arithmetic and reading in any such way? Many of these theories would apply nicely to seminars at colleges for men and women who have gone through the daily tasks in childhood and can now be trusted to do things on their own when and as they please. But to permit this to a small, untrained, untaught child is ridiculous.

It does my heart good to read some of the marching sentences attributed to the Essentialists, all teachers

themselves. "Children are given soft soap, sugar-coated pills." "The back bone has been taken out of education by making it child controlled and child managed."

CONTRASTING PICTURES

• Two photographs I saw in the morning paper. One was very sad, both in its representations and its implications. It was of two sad-eyed little Spanish boys, one perhaps ten years old, the other younger. With wide-eyed fear and down-turned lips, they stood there, lifting their arms in a salute—whether Communist or Fascist one could not tell, it was so badly done. Anyway it doesn't matter which it was in this particular connection. What matters is the terror on the little faces.

The other was the picture of colored children in New York's Harlem, in a Catholic settlement house. The group had given a Christmas cantata and they were pictured about a little crib in which lay a baby, a smiling little piccaninny. The child who played Mary smiled at the camera. Joseph and the shepherds were very busy keeping the baby in the basket quiet enough to be snapped. But their hands were in a gesture too. Not Fascist nor Communist nor Nazi nor any other political sort. Their hands were put together in a far greater gesture, finger tips touching in honor and devotion.

TEAM WORK

• IN THE *Woman's Home Companion* this month there is an article with a snap-shot attached, called "Team Work." The picture shows a man and woman, in hiking garb, linking hands as they walk the ties of a railroad. The article is by the young woman and is about herself and her husband. She lists herself as a wife who is a homemaker and has a full-sized job in the business world besides. She and her husband manage nicely and the article tells how they do it, the getting breakfast together, the part-time maid who is so invaluable, the driving to work together, the coming home, the evenings spent quietly. On Saturdays they often go for a hike together, and play bridge with friends in the evening. Sundays they get up when they please, breakfast leisurely, go to see their families, have dinner at an inn after driving into the country or maybe have friends in for a gay supper. And Monday back to work.

Now they do manage nicely, 'here is no doubt about it. They are apparently people with good sense, tact and really love each other. But when I finished the article I was caught by something. There had not been one word in it about church—not any sort of church at all. Nor was there a word about children or a family. Just the two of them living a sensible busy life.

Such delightful paganism is charming to contemplate, no doubt, and it is no doubt a pleasant way to live. But a small doubt arises: surely we ought all to be of some use to the world too, either directly or indirectly. And also, directly or indirectly, to God.

BOOKS

The Unity of Philosophical Experience

by ETIENNE GILSON

Dispassionate observer of the birth, development and decay of ideas in history, this world-famed philosopher has given us another masterpiece. So lucidly does he dissect and relate the various systems of thought, that there is hardly need for him to warn the reader that the various doctrines treated are not "arbitrarily selected fragments from some abridged description of medieval and modern philosophy." One cannot escape his statement that they have been chosen for their dogmatic significance and that, taken as a whole, they represent certain definite philosophical experiences.

No hint of superiority marks the treatment of those systems which, one after the other, are examined and found wanting in the light of impartial reasoning. There is sympathy for genius, none for error. Even the reader who has been long removed from the study of philosophy must be fascinated as the exposition, expansion and inevitable breakdown of these experiments in reasoning are described. We can sense the atmosphere of struggle, of dispute, of elation and disillusion. We can picture the devoted followers of their various masters caught in the unwanted and unexpected conclusions of faulty premises and faulty methods. Unfortunately, as the author remarks, such experiences often led these finally disheartened enthusiasts to blame, not the master, but philosophy itself. And this, the most mistaken of all their conclusions, sent them down the road to open scepticism.

Through this intensely interesting discussion runs the verdict that a man may freely choose his principles but, if honest, he must carry them through to the bitter end. How deeply the final conclusions of these moulders of thought affected nations and history is revealed clearly. Theology, science, sociology—all felt, and to this day feel, the repercussions awakened by philosophers. In its time, scepticism swept the intellectual world, reaching down into the masses. And now, through the philo-

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sophical heritage of Hegel, Fuerbach, Marx and Engels, the modern world has been left the unwelcome legacy of dialectic materialism.

Confronted with it we ask, with Etienne Gilson, whether a "social order, begotten of a common faith in the value of certain principles," can continue to exist when faith in those principles is lost? Essential to Western civilization and Western culture is the belief in the eminent dignity of man. This was a fundamental conviction of the Greeks. Building on it the Romans added the admirable structure of Roman law. Man, the creature with a mind, is the image of God. From this foundation, so carefully preserved by the Greek and Latin Fathers of the Church, St. Thomas built his exposition of Christian thought. It is the sad testimony of history that the Reformation sapped that foundation.

But philosophy is not dead. It buries, remarks this brilliant author, its own undertakers. Man will continue to seek first principles and first causes since he is a metaphysical animal. Perhaps he will learn at last that no particular science is competent "either to solve metaphysical problems, or to judge their metaphysical solutions."

Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. \$2.75.

At the Paris Peace Conference

by JAMES T. SHOTWELL

This volume of James T. Shotwell, who holds the chair of history at Columbia University and is Director of the Division of History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, falls into two parts. There are five introductory chapters in which Professor Shotwell lays before us his own views regarding the most ambitious and the most disastrous diplomatic gathering of all time; and a personal diary, occupying the larger part of the book, containing

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informal reports of day-by-day events during the Peace Conference, trips to many battle fields, intimate glimpses of the great and near-great who were gathered in Paris, personal observations on the intricacies of international diplomacies.

For the failure of the Peace Conference the author offers this explanation: "It is an easy matter to sit back now and declare that the framers of the treaty should have done thus and so. The difficulty was not merely with the actors on the scene, though they were surely part of it, nor was it merely with the several systems that the actors represented. The plain fact is that the framing of a satisfactory treaty was an almost superhuman task. Nothing even remotely approaching it in complexity had been ever before attempted."

For the foregoing thesis Professor Shotwell builds up a defense so labored that it appears he betrays a subconscious nervousness in his conclusions, except one where he states that "it is not too much to say that the peace conference never met." It seems to this reviewer that Professor Shotwell makes entirely too much of the gigantic architectural plans the cessation of hostilities called for, and too little of the major architectural minds concerned in the drawing up of those plans. Everyone will readily grant to Professor Shotwell that the re-drawing of the map of Europe, the settling upon the indemnities, the reconciling of multitudinous points of view presented a job of almost staggering magnitude. But it would appear that he fails and even lamentably so when he brings out in such a restrained manner the stupidities, the lack of grasp and long vision, the absence of large magnanimity in the minds of the three so-called great ones who manufactured the most outrageous and unjust treaty of all time.

One would be led to believe from his delineations of the leading characters that Professor Shotwell had never, for instance, read Georges Clemenceau's last book *Grandeur and Misery of Victory* wherein the Tiger's aggressive atheistic soul roared forth his one fixed principle of life—"Hate thine enemies."

Of Lloyd George, Abbé Dimnet in

his latest book *My New World* writes: "When Mr. Anthony Eden laughs at seeing Lloyd George assailing the Versailles Treaty for which he more than anybody else is responsible, the whole world ought to laugh with him, for it is one of the most comical spectacles that history ever provided for human amusement." Though Professor Shotwell would seem to soften the case of Wilson, yet he does bravely enough reveal him as "a man apart." Wilson's case has been pretty thoroughly ironed out since the days of the Versailles Treaty.

Altogether Professor Shotwell, in his *At the Paris Peace Conference* gives us an interesting enough personal diary, but adds little important new data to that elusive page of history called "The Treaty of Versailles."

Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$4.00.

The Place of St. Thomas More in English Literature and History

by R. W. CHAMBERS

This essay is the revised and expanded reproduction of a lecture delivered by Prof. Chambers to the Thomas More Society in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, London. It is concerned with Thomas More the man, and more specifically, with the writer and statesman.

Prof. Chambers assumes the burden of vindicating St. Thomas More's position of importance in English history, under the specified aspects; a position which, we learn, was always rightfully his despite the fact that those who challenged his claim to it have, in the past, prevailed. For it appears that the pun-dits of English History contemporary with the Saint, motivated, no doubt, by sentiments of patriotism and loyalty, were not too faithful to fact in recording and interpreting the many important incidents in his life and death. Their prejudices gave rise to an historical appreciation of More which is decidedly disadvantageous. Their successors, holding this opinion to be official, accepted it on their authority. Thus was this distortion of fact sustained and supported even to our own day. Evidently the principle by which they were guided in this concerted misrepresentation was patterned on the old bellman's adage: "What I tell you three times is true." No justification measuring up to normal ethical standards can be found for it.

In dealing with these critics, Prof. Chambers conforms to a mode of

conduct characteristically English; he is cool and deliberate, even while he is being devastatingly decisive. His points are well substantiated, and the humor which is periodically injected into the work is not the sort which would detract from the seriousness and nobility of the subject. His whole case is rounded out in scholarly fashion to a welcome conclusion.

Though not a devotional book, its relation to others that are, and its influence on the devotion to the Saint in general cannot be overlooked. It amounts to this: we do not look for perfection in men and we are aware that even those to whom our admiration and esteem go out in a special manner possess certain faults and weaknesses. Now it stands to reason that when many and, by far the more serious of these unpleasant implications are proved to be untrue and can be thoroughly discredited, our esteem for a person will rise to new heights. Though this principle holds good for men in general, it has a unique application in the case at hand, where greater esteem for the man engenders a more sound and a more sensible devotion to the Saint.

Longmans, Green, N. Y. \$2.00.

The Prodigal Parents

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

Sinclair Lewis' most recent novel lacks much of the fire and vigor which characterize his best work. Some of the old crusading spirit seems to have been lost with the passing years. The characters in this novel will never know the fame which has made the names of many of the heroes in his earlier works household words wherever the English language is read.

The Prodigal Parents describes the age-old struggle between the generations. In this novel all the right is on one side—that of the parents. Fred Cornplow, successful automobile salesman, revolts against the revolt of his two children, Sara and Howard. Sara, a self-willed and self-confident young woman, becomes enamored of a professional agitator and works with him in spreading Communism until he is chased out of town. Howard is a fatuous character who turns with childish rapidity from one dream of fortune and greatness to another. Both agree on one point, and on that there is no quibble—that Father Cornplow owes them a living and constant support in all their undertakings.

Father Cornplow's efforts to escape

the harassing attacks of his own children provide whatever movement there is to the story. Its greatest weakness is that their extreme fatuity makes them poor representatives of the modern generation even at its worst. There are flashes of the undoubted genius of Sinclair Lewis in many of the photographic descriptions. The blind ignorance with which a great many young people accept radical ideas is described with force and acumen.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., N. Y. \$2.50.

The Catholic Doctor

by A. BONNAR, O. F. M.

The practice of medicine, like every other profession, is subject to ethics and the moral law. Unfortunately, there are several practices approved by a considerable number of physicians which violate sound ethics and morals. The Catholic Church as the divine and authoritative teacher of morals has made a number of decisions, in decrees of the Holy Office and in papal encyclicals, concerning medico-moral practices and methods. Father Bonnar in this volume furnishes "a compendious and readable exposition of the teaching of the Church" on such important matters, for the enlightenment and guidance of the Catholic physician.

Besides medical questions there are discussions of moral principles which govern co-operation in evil, the obligations of law, human and divine, and miracles. The duty of professional honor and secrecy receives a chapter to itself. Allied topics, as Psychotherapy, Freudian Dogma and Scruples are also treated in a competent manner. These often require the guidance of physician as well as priest.

Catholic physicians should be greatly indebted to Father Bonnar for bringing out this book because it provides a complete moral guide for them in a profession which is tending more and more to a pagan and immoral attitude toward the human being. They should unite firmly to uphold the teaching of the Church, which appears in this day to be the only authority which stands squarely on the bedrock of sane reason and champions the dignity and rights of man.

The book is written in a clear and at times colloquial style, which makes it easy to understand. The author has English physicians chiefly in mind, but their problems are essentially the same as those of American doctors. Realizing his own

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limitations in regard to medical facts, he has had his data checked by expert physicians. Every Catholic medical man should read and study this book, and there is good reason why non-Catholic physicians should read it also. An excellent index is provided.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. \$2.50.

A Valiant Bishop Against a Ruthless King

by PAUL McCANN

St. John Fisher was a saint in his personal life, a true shepherd of his flock, a brilliant scholar in the professor's chair, an outspoken defender of truth and virtue, a fearless champion of the Papacy.

In *A Valiant Bishop Against a Ruthless King*, Paul McCann brings out in a straightforward, interesting and impressive style these sterling traits. At times, indeed, he exposes corruption in high and holy places, but this only serves to bring out in bolder relief the poverty, purity and piety of John Fisher.

This volume makes most interesting reading. One's attention is held throughout, and one is given a surprisingly comprehensive and thorough view of the trials through which the Church passed during

that tumultuous period. The power and vanity of Cardinal Wolsey, the defection and vindictiveness of Martin Luther, the wars of France, England and the Holy Roman Empire, the trials of the Papacy, the sturdy character of Thomas More, the pride of Henry the Eighth, are vividly portrayed. Through all this turbulent scene John Fisher, as another John the Baptist, exemplifies and preaches virtue, penance and fearless courage in defense of the rights of God and His Vicar on earth.

In our day the Church is again passing through a period of persecution and of purification. The life and character of St. John Fisher will be an inspiration to everyone who reads this book.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$2.50.

Christ the Leader

by W. H. RUSSELL

Infidelity is making rapid and fatal strides outside the Catholic Church. If Catholic doctrinal instruction is to hold its own against the tide of irreligious thought there must be a constant, intelligent and modern effort in the technique of religious teaching. People are ever subject to change. Consequently the vital need of adapting our religious teaching to fit the requirements of our own generation and our own century. *Christ the Leader*, by Dr. Russell of the Catholic University and Trinity College, is just such a healthy modern approach in applying the life of Christ throughout in the teaching of religion. It is a competent and intelligent departure from the methods generally to be found hitherto in books on Christian Doctrine.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.00.

He Is Faithful

by VIATOR

The sub-title of this little volume—"52 Meditations for the Sundays of the Church's Year"—tells its nature. The title itself—*He is Faithful*—is prompted by the prevailing thought throughout the pages of the book—the thought, namely, that Divine assistance never fails us.

The author has finely penetrated into the spirit of humble hope embodied so beautifully in the liturgical prayers for the successive Sundays of the year. He briefly considers problems which every soul is likely to face and, using the teaching contained in the liturgy, clearly marks

out the correct way to view and surmount this or that difficulty. And he introduces the reader into the field of meditation in its best sense of simple converse with God.

The book is, of course, an "occasional" one, but one worth having close by. The ordinary man and woman will certainly find it an aid to devotion; the clergy will find it no small help in preparing explanations of the Gospel.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. \$2.00

Gold Dusty

by VERA MARIE TRACY

Intransigent traditionalists will enjoy this poetry. Luminous faith and indomitable courage have distilled themselves in lines replete with consecrated poeticisms and almost metronomic in the regularity of their rhythmical beat. More discriminating appraisers, prescinding from personal admiration for the writer, will regret the absence of the clean, hard line, exact, evocative phrase and subtler variations of word-music characteristic of the best modern poetry. Such distinction in life and thought deserves a more rigorous poetic discipline.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$1.50.

Father Malachy's Miracle

by BRIAN DOHERTY

A miracle, by its very nature, is apt to cause a sensation. But, *a priori*, you would hardly say that a play about a miracle would cause a sensation among the sophisticated theatregoers of Broadway. That is the most sensational part of the miracle that Brian Doherty has taken from Bruce Marshall's novel and presented so successfully on the stage. Even the godless *New Masses* admits it to be a shrewd and genial comedy.

Now that a play based on the supernatural has set the reviewers agog, we who look on miracles as unusual, but no more marvelous than the transformation of an insignificant seed into a gigantic tree or the mysterious process of generation, we, I say, are wondering just why the play has been described as captivating or warming, why it has been received as "one of the truly happy events of the dramatic season," why it has been said that "it shines like a good deed in a naughty world," by reviewers who claim that they do not believe in miracles.

Doubtless, you will find few events

In New York plays that are more convincing than the flight of the dance hall to wave-swept Bass Rock at Father Malachy's trusting prayer. As Brooks Atkinson has observed in the *Times*, if that is a difficult task to assign a humble monk in his habit, it is quite a chore to assign a playwright, although a novelist may have explored the groundwork before him.

The whole movement of the play sparkles and works up facilely to its climax, the second miracle, which brings the dance hall back to more secure foundation, and Father Malachy exclaims: "Another miracle and I forgot to warn the Bishop."

There are only a few minor quarrels with the playwright. Those who have never attended Mass may be perplexed when Father Malachy says: "Holy Mass is really a dance, isn't it?" Again, the Cardinal who comes from Rome to investigate the miracle does no investigating and treats the whole matter in a very high-handed and improbable manner. The local Bishop is a rare type, unless you suppose that Rome frequently nods in episcopal appointments.

Random House, New York. \$2.00.

Christian Morals

by M. C. D'ARCY

This book by Father D'Arcy, who is acknowledged to be one of the keenest and most clear-sighted religious thinkers of modern times, contains broadcasts given in England during the months of February and March of 1936, together with several additional essays relevant to and more fully explanatory of the subject matter of the broadcast addresses.

While there may be much to say, there is really very little to explain about these radio addresses and additional essays, for they have the dynamic virtue of explaining themselves. They carry vitalizing messages that are notable at once for depth and yet simple clarity, for the directness with which they set out to, and the fine economy with which they do, achieve their purpose. The subjects are carefully assembled and are held together by a common aim which runs its course through them all, namely: the fundamental dignity of the human personality, the preciousness of that personality to God, and the moving forward of the human personality to its eternal destiny.

In Father D'Arcy we have an intelligence as explicit as any research scientist's. In each successive talk the desire to explore the problem of human personality and modern existence and their relationships is more apparent as one reads on, until with the finish of the additional explanatory essays the book achieves such a cumulative impact as to be undeniable. A serious thinker and keen observer, Father D'Arcy stands rock firm in the whirlwind of a world which impels us frantically to escape that apparently monumental thing called understanding, the while the world itself babbles in impotent fashion of its own cures. In the turmoil of modern existence his words give pause to one. They fall with gentle insistence and firmness upon minds sincerely seeking the truth. Like a soothing benediction they descend upon sorely tried, groping, restless minds. Each talk and essay is as it were a little drama in itself to be cherished and forever remembered.

The triumph of intelligence over emotionalism, of truth over pretense, of Christian consistency over worldly inconsistency, of the sacredness of human personality over earthy drabness, of the human spirit through honest perception and simple steadfastness: these things are this book's spiritual content. We close this book knowing that it is rich and warm and full of deep knowledge.

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The Right Reverend Dom Edmond Obrecht, O. C. S. O.

by FR. MARIA AMEDEUS, O. C. S. O.

This is a very concise narrative of a long life of over eighty years, full of important labors and undertakings for the welfare of religion and of souls, mostly within the religious family of the Trappists. A prominent feature of this biography is the striking example it offers of the strange contrast so often occurring in religious history—a providential destiny leading a soul in ways that are, externally at least, more or less alien to the normal path of the chosen vocation. Here Abbot Edmond is revealed as a man of deep religious zeal and piety and devotion to his order who, although vowed to the solitude and contemplation of the Trappist vocation, spent much of his time outside his monastery, traveling to distant lands. It was not, as it could not have been, a self-chosen field of action but was a task which the authorities of the order imposed upon Dom Edmond and which was often his heavy cross.

Meanwhile, as the biographer assures us, Gethsemani Abbey in no way suffered from the Abbot's long absence from the circle of his religious family. He found time to do lasting and constructive work both for the spiritual and temporal prosperity of his own Abbey.

Abbot Edmond was a Frenchman of strong character and, being such, ruled his community with a strong hand but without losing either the respect or the affection of his subjects. In virtue of the mass of concrete facts of which the book is composed, the narrative is sufficiently objective to enable the reader to maintain a sympathetic attitude towards the full-confessed pride that the biographer takes in the life and character of his subject.

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Blessed Joseph Pignatelli of the Society of Jesus

by MONSIGNOR D. A. HANLY, P.A.

In April of 1767 the Society of Jesus was banished from the Kingdom of Spain and all its possessions were seized by His Catholic Majesty, Charles III. Over five thousand loyal Spaniards and faithful followers of St. Ignatius were made the innocent victims of the political machinations emanating from the mind of a hostile and impious Masonry busily at work in the chancelleries of Europe. On the young shoulders of Joseph Pignatelli, Spanish grandee, outstanding priest and scholar, Providence was to place the arduous task of shepherd to this bewildered and widely scattered flock. The successes and failures, the joys and sorrows that were his make the interesting subject matter of this biography.

For nearly a half century Blessed Joseph proved himself not only a most capable leader of his brethren in exile, but the highly revered spiritual father of the scattered Society as well. The issuance of the Papal brief, *Dominus ac Redemptor Noster*, did not succeed in burying Pignatelli's hopes for the re-establishment of the Society. He labored incessantly against almost overpowering odds to keep alive and intact the spirit and traditions of St. Ignatius. He succeeded even though he did not live to hear the triumphal call to re-establishment sounded in the Papal bull, *Sollicitudo Omnium Ecclesiarum*. He fully merited the title that was conferred upon him by all who knew him: the second founder of the Society of Jesus, the connecting link between the old and new Jesuits.

In this book the student of history will find a narrative at once interesting and accurate. He will discover a true account of that memorable crisis in which the fate of the followers of Ignatius hung perilously over the chasm of destruction. A lovable and little-known figure will be presented to him in a sympathetic but never exaggerated manner. Blessed Joseph will appear well worth knowing especially after the eulogy given him by Pius XI is read.

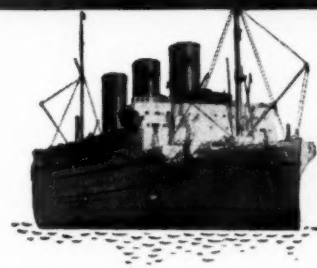
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SHORTER NOTES

THE PRIESTHOOD, by MOST REV. WILLIAM STOCKUMS, D.D., (Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., \$1.75) is an excellent doctrinal and practical treatise on the priesthood of Jesus Christ. The author, who is Auxiliary Bishop of Cologne, brings out clearly and eloquently its essence, dignity and power. In the last three chapters he offers practical considerations for the attainment of the priest's sanctification and the means to safeguard it against dangers. The translation from the original German is well done.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO, 1938-1939, (Walter Romig & Co., Detroit, Mich., \$6.50), contains more than five thousand condensed biographies of living American Catholics, both clerical and lay. It is a valuable reference book, but the price seems excessive. The present volume is the third biennial edition.

CATHOLIC TRUTH IN SURVEY, by REV. FERDINAND C. FALQUE, (Benziger Bros., New York, N. Y., \$68 cloth; \$52 paper, special prices for schools) is a work in two volumes, of which this is the first. It is intended principally for the use of Catholic pupils attending public high schools. The main topic is "God our Creator," under which the author treats of the existence of God and man's relations to Him. The special purpose of this survey is "to give the student those sound convictions from which the Catholic outlook arises and according to which the Catholic way of life is moulded." The form of presentation is discursive and the style clear and simple and well adapted to the end proposed. A Glossary, an Index and good cuts of religious subjects enhance the value of the book. The reviewer suggests that in the second volume greater use be made of similes and illustrations, in order to bring out the doctrine explained.

CHRISTIANITY AND SEX, by RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D. (Macmillan Co., New York, \$1.00.)

In this small book of seventy-eight pages Dr. Cabot, formerly Professor of Social Ethics at Harvard University, urges the adoption of the Christian ethic as the only sound method of dealing with the sex problem. In four chapters he treats of The Christian Approach to Social Morality, Consecration of the Affections, The Re-enforcements Available, and Christianity and Growth. His attitude towards sex is on the whole consis-

tent with Catholic teaching, although some of his expressions are not those a Catholic would use in dealing with the subject. It is gratifying that he does not believe in an education which consists in a mere accumulation of "facts about life," but rather in an education which results in "the imparting of life by greater life—that surely is the remedy for this and all other evils." In this he seems to echo the teaching of St. Paul: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences." Be a thorough Christian, the doctor seems to say, and you will know how to deal with sex. This is a book to be recommended on the constructive side of the sex question.

A MANUAL OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION, by CHARLES B. BASCHAB, Ph.D. (Text Book Publishing Co., San Francisco, California, \$1.00.)

Dr. Baschab, a teacher of many years' experience, in the classrooms of high schools and colleges, is endeavoring to publish, for the benefit of the type of pupils he has taught, a presentation of Catholic truth. He feels that the youth of our age have a need for such a special treatment of the Church's teaching.

The above-mentioned manual is the first in a set of three. The style of

the book is fundamentally catechetical. In black heavy type the question is asked and a brief answer supplied; the answer is then supplemented by an explanation readily understood by the class of individuals for whom it is intended. The language is simple and there is a noticeable reliance on Scripture for the proof of arguments. Obviously, the author aimed at a text to be studied rather than to be merely read pleasurably. No space is wasted on argumentation drawn from other than theological sources. This first volume merits to be commended to teachers of religion in our colleges and the upper classes of our high schools.

ORBIS CATHOLICUS, Edited by DONALD ATTWATER, (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, \$2.50) is the first draft of a projected annual in English after the manner of the Italian *Annuario Pontificio*. Its purpose is to provide a comprehensive reference book to the external organization of the Catholic Church. Even a cursory reading of it shows what a marvelous universal body the Church is. In a work of this sort errors are bound to creep in. The editor will be grateful to have them pointed out to him for emendation in future reprints, which he hopes to bring out every January.

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Dear Friends:—

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Numerous suggestions were received. And oh, what an encouraging revelation! It shows plainly the noble sentiments of our American people, and their great love and devotion for Christ and His Sacred Passion, also their desire to make Him better known and loved by all. No reader of these letters can fail to be charmed and edified, not only by the deep spirituality, sincerity, and eloquence, but at times even by the sublimity of language and thought.

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But strange to say, nearly every suggestion proposed can be realized by the faithful observance of the Rule of Life as set forth in the Manual of the Archconfraternity.

The Rule of Life has been carefully compiled by the Higher Superiors who hold the place of St. Paul of the Cross, Founder and Father of our Congregation, and of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion. It does not, however, bind under pain of sin, provided it be not neglected in those points which touch closely upon the laws of the Church.

The Rule of Life, therefore, is held to be the most practical means and well suited for bringing Christ and His Sacred Passion into the daily lives of the Members, and of keeping alive the interest of those who have been received into the Society.

Therefore, let all the members read a portion of it frequently with sincere and simple eyes, study to fulfill it with a heart at once humble and simple. For, if fulfilled with a faithful and pure heart it will bring a tranquil temporal life and likewise an eternal one.

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"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page,

shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of The Sign, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------|
| Masses Said | 24 |
| Masses Heard | 15,050 |
| Holy Communions | 11,421 |
| Visits to B. Sacrament | 27,112 |
| Spiritual Communions | 34,158 |
| Benediction Services | 6,133 |
| Sacrifices, Sufferings | 15,582 |
| Stations of the Cross | 8,299 |
| Visits to the Crucifix | 10,079 |
| Beads of the Five Wounds | 4,440 |
| Offering of PP. Blood | 158,669 |
| Visits to Our Lady | 14,589 |
| Rosaries | 22,842 |
| Beads of the Seven Dolors | 4,790 |
| Ejaculatory Prayers | 938,163 |
| Hours of Study, Reading | 12,202 |
| Hours of Labor | 49,255 |
| Acts of Kindness, Charity | 17,298 |
| Acts of Zeal | 45,002 |
| Prayers, Devotions | 200,230 |
| Hours of Silence | 16,570 |
| Various Works | 40,135 |
| Holy Hours | 200 |

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(Eccles. 7:37)

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